Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XIV. PHILADELPHIA, JULY 25, 1835. Whole No. 730.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

BY MRS. H. M. ROPER.

Hark to the sound of the death drum's beat,
Sadly it falls on the soldier's ear,
And he who stood in the battle's heat,
Gives to that passing sound a tear:
For the soldier's heart tho' val'rous and brave,
Can as nobly feel, as nobly save.

Again that death note fills the gale!
See the dark bier from the gates emerge!
Hear ye that deep and lonely wail?
'Tis the young soldier's funeral dirge!
In the midst of life and glory's dawn,
He was called to the land of his father's home.

But where's the hearse of the warrior dead,
Where's the darkly nodding plume,
And where's the mourning throng that tread,
Around the fallen hero's tomb?
Ah, where are the arms to the hero dear?
I see them not on that gloomy bier!

Ah, few were his gears,—his battle steed
Was young in strength,—his valor's beam
And the bright fame of the noble dead,
Slumber'd still in his youthful dream,
And he who weeps o'er his humble grave—
Weeps for the fall of the future brave!

But see that pale, that trembling form,
That presses close to the silent bier?
On her widow'd cheek the tear is warm,
And her deep groans fill the soldier's ear,
Alas, she is in the world alone,
For that fallen youth was her only son!

THE SUICIDE:

A TALE OF THE ANCIENT DOMINION.

Continued from our last Number.

Eight or ten patrician dwellings had been thus visited in succession—Sir Ralph Armistead's making the last, where the roisterkaine crew broke up and dispersed in all directions. Mr. Dallas and his peerless damsel remained a day or two after the rest, as well as Mr. Rudolph, whom the former had invited to accompany them home. Of course, this politic lover, who was vibrating between the "beauty of beauties," and another rich match, was full prompt to wait upon the father and daughter, even while pleading with well dissembled hesitation, a host of opposing engagements; But Hetty had hardly begun to rejoice in the prospect of his company, ere she head to her infinite consternation of her cousin Patsey's probable presence at the same time. She had been to Vernon Hill only a few days before the festival; and though it then seemed likely that her aunt's gradual amendment would soon liberate the gentle nurse, who had so devoted herself to the sick chamber—Miss Ellis was in such a whirl of joyous anticipation as entirely to overlook the improved state of the patient and every thing else unconnected with her approaching triumph.—Mr. Dallas and Lady Joanna were, however, more observant—and found their interest in for Miss Vernon to recruit herself by a change of air readily acquiesced in: of course, her uncle's residence was the appointed place of recreation. But the visitation—for it was deemed such, by her selfish—was probably distant evil—Cyprian's society, as immediate and absorbing, that the trio reached Dalton-dale in high spirits, there to luxuriate in the quiet and seclusion so grateful after the excitement of their protracted jubilee. The lord of the manor was moreover, possessed of a private and most agreeable subject of contemplation and arrangement in the proposed visit, at an early day, of him, whom he loved to believe, his future son-in-law. Meanwhile the lovers, grown sure of their conquest, were considerably more pretty much to their own devices. Nothing so tended to facilitate the ruin of our hapless heroine, as her being thus thrown into close and constant association with the subtle and specious wooer, whose designs upon her were purely mercenary, or worse still, selfishly profligate. Not that he was insensible to the rare charms enclosed by such depth of fervent fondness: on the contrary, they had inspired him with a passion of no ordinary vehemence and ardency as ever led to the betrayal of confiding beauty. But the first point and principal motive in coming to Dalton-dale, was to ascertain whether the public voice had exaggerated the expectations of this sole daughter; if they turned out to correspond with the dictates of justice and the vast amount of the family possessions, he then meditated an immediate elopement; for the consummate plotter concluded it useless to seek the paternal consent to their union. If she proved portionless, or worse, encumbered by knowing Mr. Dallas to be a strong advocate and upholder of the Salick law, he was not unprepared to hear of his intention to put off his female action with next to nothing. Rudolph's aim and end was to degrade the object of vows so solemn and reiterated as to border upon self imprecation, into the sharer, perhaps victim of a loose intrigue.

Meanwhile he was rapidly acquiring unbounded influence over those affections which seared towards the parent so long neglectful of her—and whom she stood so much in awe of, notwithstanding every effort of her anxious cousin—and greatly cooled by time and the absence of that dear brother so long away,—clung with all the warmth and intensity of woman's first love to the serpent whose wiles served to draw virtue, from the finer feelings that agitated Hetty were chaste and modest—and in comparison with the meretricious softness and downy bloom hitherto bewitching him, till certain angry glances from the blue eyes of his mistress, and a few words, half-sot, half-uttered from Mr. Dallas reminded him that it was neither polite nor politic to "fall to such perusal of" Miss Vernon's face.

"As if he'd draw her,"

But though the looks were averted, the attention was not: he exerted all his powers for the entertainment of this new and fair arrival; and never did the agreeable, the ruthless Englishman display himself more favourably than during this evening.

Patsey was overjoyed to rejoin her old friends after so long a separation—nor did they engross her to the exclusion of a new one. Cyprian and herself speedily grew intimate, for he possessed the gift of fascination when he chose to assert it; and for awhile the spell was upon Miss Vernon. Still their good understanding proved

"Sweet though not permanent, forward yet not lasting—
The mere perfume and suppliance of a minute."

The lofty penetration of the lady soon pierced through the disguise of identity and character, so skilfully assumed. His hollowness of heart—the fallacy of his arguments, and falsehood of his nature were soon deduced from slight yet corroborative discrepancies in the elegant language and plausible reasonings that varnished them over, and of course, disgusted the moral taste by which they were so readily developed. She comprehended, too, by instinct, her cousin's entanglement and perilous position: but the diplomat, deeply engrafted on Hetty's nature, defied and baffled the investigation of frank friendship—and enabled her to play her part so admirably towards her lover, that Patsey, whose generous disposition suspected slowly and with great reluctance, soon became reassured on her account, and believed her in no deeper danger than might arise from a mere transient whim for the sparkling and seductive stranger.

He was not without his own particular feelings towards this acute but attractive observer,—and they were of a mixed and most uneasy sort. He liked, and yet disliked—by turns shrunk from and sought her—and could hardly have determined, had it been put to his option whether to cull or caress the beauty, who awed and embarrassed him even in the midst of his involuntary admiration. Their dark eye, so dazzling and dreamy, which he could have gazed on forever, had it beamed benignly upon him, seemed endowed with the property of Ithuriel's spear to detect and expose—not the flaw in the array of an armed of light, but a hypocrite, and sharper in the guise of a finish'd gentleman: he felt that her quick discernment had sifted him thoroughly and scanned the crafty counterfeit: but even while dreading, he appreciated the force of intellect thus employed against him. All his efforts to disarm or conciliate it, proved, however, ineffectual; and Patsey's civil repulses of his devoirs (generally a subject of female contention) and the cold yet careless reserve of her demeanour towards him, when they chanced to be alone, or thrown particularly together, sufficiently indicated, that his most refined attentions and all the elegant extravagance of compliment, in which he so much excelled, were either passed by or repaid in kind with an air that tantnated the exact and accurate value set upon them; and Rudolph, forced to own himself foiled in his artful aim by a simple girl, was in despair of overreaching or cajoling the penetrant Patsey was neither more nor less than woman. The green sang of flattery—like Mercury's pipe soothing the drowsy Argus with its soporiferous notes—had power, partially to lull the vigilance of female suspicion; and though Miss Vernon's doubts still discarded the double dealer from friendship or familiar intercourse with her, she enjoyed his lively wit and fine manner as the life and charm of their social circle. This was chiefly exhibited after the approach of Valentine's Day, then gala-day in the country, and which is recorded in Scott's "Fair Maid of Perth," which observance so eagerly expected and jealously kept by the young of each sex, Rudolph resolved to signalize by a last attempt to propitiate the divine but disdainful Patsey Vernon.

With that young lady, Mr. Nivison proved a greater favourite: in spite of that arrogance and self conceit, ill-disguised and even increased by the stiff, shy manner, contrasting so disadvantageously with the open address and negligent grace of his English rival—she recognized in him natural good sense, sound principles, and sufficient, though not romantic sensibility of heart. His family and fortune were among the first in the Colony—his relations highly approved by the connexions on either side: and with all the influence she fancied herself possessed of, she endeavoured to recommend him to the acceptance of Miss Dallas, whom she justly deemed fortunate in fixing his affections. Hetty pretended to listen—but in reality detested this officious interference the more since she believed her cousin's secret object to be the appropriation of Cyprian Rudolph to herself. And such an invidious theft was the more provokingly since it seemed to merit to be put play, which was to engage Miss Vernon's powerful interest with the stately proprietor of Dalton-dale in behalf of her own requited attachment. The fatal mistake of supposing that nobody could look with indifference on the outlandish wonder, prevented a confidence, which would, in all probability, have averted the sad catastrophe, in sending over her love and life.

The day after her father's commendatory note, at this early stage of the affair, no cause to complain of the reception given him by the bewitching being of whom he was an deeply enamoured. Hetty smiling in the homage of a lover so distinguished, made use of him to prevent any suspicion of her actual minion, as well as to excite the jealousy of the last, and thereby hasten his public declaration. For as glimpses of Cyprus's real character began to dawn upon her, she began fear as much as she adored him, and to wish herself well out of the scrape into which great levity of temper and infinite love for him, had inextricably involved her. But while all her efforts—such as she dared to make—tended to extort his honourable avowal of the engagement between them, which her simplicity conceived sure of the official sanction, the unworthy object of her choice studied only how to procrastinate and keep back and finally break away from the perilous meshes in which he had so artfully interwoven by him. By diligent thought and inquiry he had satisfied himself as to Mr. Dallas' intentions with respect to his only daughter; and they were such as, by no means, tallied with his own necessities and high appraisement of himself. Fifteen or twenty house servants—a new harpsichord, and splendid wardrobe, this partisan of primogeniture proclaimed to be the extent of what he designed to bestow upon his beautiful Hetty; and her lover's knowledge of the country and family gave the sum total of her inheritance, at once extinguished the half lighted torch of Hymen, though it left his heart a prey to bitter disappointment and the pangs of that perverted passion—such as befits demons rather than man, which bordering in its purposes and ends upon hatred, the ancients aptly personified as the Cupid Anteros, sullen, selfish and impure—the offspring of Nox and Erebus (Hell and the night.) No touch of tenderness—no impulse of gratitude or obligation to soften or impede the war between the hardened libertine and his fair victim: for such her age, education and inexperience literally made her: on the contrary, he grew doubly impatient of delay since the state of his finances and the constant dread of Miss Vernon's observation alike urged him to precipitate the denouement of his intrigue. Cary Nivison's proposal occurring just in the nick of time, offered the means of obviating that shame and discovery, otherwise attendant on the sudden flight of Rudolph: but still, that the ruin of the daughter should revenge him upon the haughty sire, whose aristocratic prejudices thus thwarted the inclination of a child completely his own, was a gratification not to be calculated to minister alike to his happiness and his aggrandisement. But much of this is undue anticipation.

To retrograde a little. The day sacred to the patron saint of lovers had come and gone. Valentines and verses—love-tokens, and the usual exchange of gifts and kisses had enlivened the large party collected at Dalton-dale to honour the occasion. By a little dexterous management—and the regulation of the hours for the morning assignment—and the regulation of the hours for the morning assignment—and the regulation of the hours for the morning assignment—Barbara Page that of the august host himself—while the peerless English-man fell to the share of the fortunate Miss Patsey Vernon, yet though his most far fetched rhymes, and the elegant accompaniment of an agate-patch-box, beautifully mounted in gold, testified his profound sense of the distinction conferred on him by her salute of acknowledgment, the courtly Cyprian had the mortification to find his delicate flattery of rare perfection, lost upon the object on the fair, prudent bosom of his partner for the day but nothing more; this formal association was all the reward he reaped for his pains: and there was her cousin—that celestial creature, his own devoted Esther (as he always called her) burning with vexation and disappointment at the cruel allotment so acceptable to her self-gratification. And that Rudolph should be so hardy as to dedicate herself to the partiality of certain half formed plans against the peace of Mr. Dallas. For a short time, mirth and matrimonial schemes—dancing and drinking, love and leisure reigned; even the lofty lord of the mansion stooped to laugh and loiter among the ladies in order to take notice of and toy with the sweet Miss Page. His daughter distracted between hope and fear—for the dashing Mrs Hollis, again their guest, based Rudolph in the boldest style of modern wooing—and he seemed inclined to flirt with and flatter around the silly, sighing Pocahontas far more than all things considered was proper or necessary—counted the hours and minutes, that must intervene ere she was relieved of the galling spectacle even at the risk of losing Nivison and Cyprian, swell their departing train. At last they went off in a body to Counsellor Lightfoot's—and then Hetty's uneasiness at missing her idol by his absence, and fresh temptations and opportunities, enabled the bard of Tremaine in Merlin's enchanted hall, would have burned her after them even at the risk of being tortured by a repetition of their detested coquetries and agonies.—had not her cousin's continuance at Dalton-dale checked her in such a wild goose chase. And the disquieted girl was obliged not only to keep Patsey's company during the rest of her stay—but to accompany her home on a visit, that promised to be none of the shortest, since it was to last till after Easter.

The hateful time was passed by our heroine in one long, unwearied fit of gloom and despondency; and in truth, the prospect, to the last degree mortifying. It was none of the most inhabitable—and alluring.—since the slow progress of Mrs. Vernon's convalescence, interdicted all hope of public days and large companies; and like the fair *frondeuse*, Mdme. de Longueville, our Hanover toast had lost her relish for innocent amusements. Books, work, music and exercise were alike distasteful in her present mood of mind; by turns she moped and pouted—shed showers of tears, or uncovered her head to the rude breezes of heaven, that she might feel the round of moral merriment, that her late companions were rejoicing in and reigning over. At first her aunt only smiled at and rallied her upon her perverse hankering after dissipation: while Patsey lamented, though she did not wonder at her friend's thorough inveteracy against every rational and dignified employment. She herself was naturally of a very lively turn; but her cultivated tastes and bookishness, (as it went among the country ladies,) enabled her upon occasion to be patient out of a crowd—and to enjoy herself to the gayly; but, perhaps, to the full as much in converse with her mother and Shakspeare's individual creations, as amid the high circles and festivities of the metropolis itself. All this indifference in a young and pretty woman was incomprehensible to Hetty, who regarded her old play mate with amazement not devoid of anger—and whose thoughts were indeed in a state of the most and unhappy agitation to brook the ardent of to Not, tude and the odious attentions of Rudolph. Her self-love, (the highest species,) totally without society at Vernon Hill: on the contrary, the neighborhood was rich and populous, with the usual compliment of gallant young men and sprightly girls—and both sexes disposed to pay due court to the excelling cousin. Put in spite of social gatherings and impromptu dances, the *ennui* brooking, consistent with the weak state of the lady of the mansion—her young niece, with a head confused by doubts and apprehensions—and a heart divided between love and jealousy, appeared to regulate and reprime as to induce a retire from her aunt to send her back to Dalton-dale—to this proposal, delightful as it was, she durst not accede to without the word of command from head quarters: so the consummate and celebrated fort chasse, as the alternative, to rouse herself, and by way of keeping her hand in, to perpetrate a series of such captures as came within her reach.

And her cause derived some small solace from the situation of Vernon Hill, which was public "past all parable" was her native place, inasmuch as the busy little town of Newcastle, stood not merely in sight, but within a stone's throw of the mansion, in which a wealthy bachelor pile sent abode to those capable of appreciating the benefit of beautiful and judicious occupation. The improvements consisted of two large and convenient houses (which it had been originally designed to unite by a centre-building) with stables and out-houses enough to give the premises the appearance of an irregular village. In great boast, however, was the grounds, which, of considerable extent and in the highest state of cultivation, were extolled as a paradise of the French. A falling garden diversified with beds of rare flowers, laid off in diamonds, triangles and lozenges—squares of the finest turf, edged with box and interspersed with natives—two groves—the one of cherry, the other of antedeluvian oak, fragrant bowers and cabinets of verdure—and the wonder of a serpentine walk terminating in an octagon summer-house, placed over an artificial grotto, whose sides, lined with shells and spar, and redolent of violets, blue bottles, crocuses

"And all the lowly children of the shade,"

with a clear spring bubbling out from the base of the cleft marble-basin, and straying through moss, flowers, and sparry, fantastically tangled, formed a retreat fit to be the haunt of Egeria,—was bounded on three sides by the river Pamunkey—and on the fourth, separated from the lawn by a row of ancient cedars, shaped by the gardener's shears into the semblance of stately dames with their arms akimbo and trellised beneath with a luxuriant screen of honey-suckle, eglantine and cowslips. The yard was surrounded with high-clipped hedges of yew, and sheltered by lofty catalpy-trees, the most admired of exotics, with a sun-dial on a low mound overrun with periwinkle. There were, besides, a superb grove, and hot-houses—magnificent expellers, and the most delicious wall-fruit ever met with out of the unconscionable garden in the fairy-tale of "*La Chatte Blanche*:" the whole kept with a neatness the more necessary, as many visitors came from a distance expressly to view the grounds so celebrated throughout the colony. During the life-time of the late Col. Lewis Vernon, his villa had been the favourite resort of the privileged orders—and more than one of the Royal Governors had condescended to grace a sort of *fete champetre* there; but the inclination of his relict had, from the first, concurred with her slowhood in assuming and adhering to the sober state and regulated hospitality encumbent, according to the saturated etiquette, upon all in a similar degree of bereavement. There was a fine library wherein she found her chief pastime and consolation: but the furniture, except in the article of carpets and chine, displayed little or none of the pomp and grandeur usual to patrician residences.

Hetty cared little for the store of choice books—and will less for the homular precincts, even had they been clad in the breathing beauty of fragrance of their full summer garniture. All she asked at, was to divert herself with the male natives, who, stupid and uncouth as they seemed to her, after the exquisite ease and graceful complaisance of the matchless Rudolph, nevertheless possessed in her eyes, the very consponent merit of rendering due homage to her charms. But even here, she was exposed to interruption. To be sure, the beautiful mansions of the vicinity still secluded herself a good deal in attendance upon her mother; but her right of sanctuary beyond the pale of the home, limited by the fearful sequestration: she had only to venture among the gay and free, and at once their ardent allegiance reverted to her as their liege and most lovely lady. Miss Dallas, whose appetite for indiscriminate admiration grew with what it fed on, would not tolerate even the abstraction of this natural tribute to the excellence of another; and at the distance of twenty miles, and after an short an interval, she longed for her as much as her brother, who had been running for years beyond the sweet of his haunt. At last she hailed the epoch of deliverance; her five penitential weeks were at an end; and Henry went back to the ancestral domain as fruitful in humble admirers and in the reminiscences of successful triumphs.

* * * * * * *

Where, all this while, were the rival candidates for her favour? Boasting in the smiles and sweet looks of a high born beauty, each one of whom, bent upon discrediting every avowal of pre-engagement, opened the style and tale of Mrs. Nivison or Hollis, as the summit of matrimonial accomplishment—and deemed it the most charming thing in the world to be the object of Cyprian Rudolph's love speeches and tender penances: to say nothing of the more solid temptations and advantages of fortune, (for gentle reader, in those dull days, since which the march of intellect has proceeded with such stupendous strides—a rhymester ranked in point of rarity with a phoenix.) The son-in-law object of our Hanover grandee—too far one in love to take much interest in any of the fair aspirers for his notice, soon withdrew himself from the contest, and left his foreign competitor to walk over the course. The wealthy bachelor, once more in his own county—was soon satisfied as to the real state of affairs in that department of his affairs preparatory to the approaching event, which had so long occupied the thoughts of necessary mammas and ambitious daughters, far more than his own. In May, he was to revisit Dalton-dale, and declare himself in form: his previous attendance there having been only preliminary, and in right of "the liberty of the house" duly requested of and gladly granted by Mr. Dallas. What further he had in view for the successive entries,—the accomplishment of the goody English, travelling in an opposite direction, became a welcome guest at Shirley, Westover, Turkey Island, Clifton, and the numerous domicile of the gentry along the banks of James River,—and timed his turns so as to re-appear in Hanover as the herald of the opulent and acceptable bridegroom.

Before setting up his tabernacle for the present with the Dallases, he stopped for a few days at the fragments of a large estate, which, on the demise of Col. Grey, Sarah Drew, a man of family and ample patrimony, was apwards of forty, hale, hearty, and a humorist in every sense of that word. Distinguished for strong, natural sense and sterling integrity, the simplicity of his character and manners owed nothing to the refinements of education or fashion on the contrary, he despised and sought to deracinate the whole system of artificial distinctions, and ridiculous observances: unwisely, as he confessed, and as his present circumstances, and future chance of leisure compels us to confess that the freedom from forms and restraints inculcated by his example, tended less to reform than to rouse the spirit of social absurdity. Long reverenced as the patriarch of the patrician corps, he claimed the right to follow in all things the best of his own inclination—and consonated not merely with impunity but applause, all sorts of solecisms and outrages against strict good breeding and fastidious propriety so generally considered as unpardonable from people, more and degree, than—he was not to whether himself the sender his privilege from the throne rather than the see. The general modest his house never to have travelled ten miles off his own estate; and still no life had been spent less in retirement, for he "lived and moved and had his being" in the promiscuous assemblages, that made his spacious, and old-fashioned mansion a better kind of public house. The primitive and proverbial hospitality that greeted with scriptural frankness all seen comers, and the majesty to overlook those occurrences of unseemliness and impropriety, too of an order positive not reprovable; but there was a rough and racy good-humour—an abrupt and joyous sincerity about the ancient original, going far to propossess and plead in his behalf. His lady, the daughter of a rich governmental dignitary, offered that contrast to her husband, which Hymen seems to delight in often producing: being the most stiff and erect head of family dames—and frowning in indurated reprobation upon the manifold irregularities and extravagance of her homely partner. But, as often chances, he took a mischievous pleasure in provoking and defying her prim reproofs and demure yet severe his approval, till at last, seeing that his unseemly aberrations were increased rather than curtailed by her lectures.—Mrs. Drew became, if not quite like her latitudinarian neighbours—more indulgent to the evil beyond her skill to correct. Her children, three daughters and as many sons—were equally married and settled around at no end: and the concourse of company continued, or indeed increased.—as her husband, in answer to all remonstrances as the score of economy, inveighed against the niggardly nature, that could seek to condemn him to lonely leaves in his old age.

Mr. Rudolph found near four score inmates at Fair Forest: every hard, ornary and out-house accommodating its lodgers. The scene was one of obstreperous fun and confusion—hilarity and uproar bore down love and whim, and abundant scope for display and exercise. For the extravagance of its boisterous conviviality—in the variety of its guests—and the total absence of all ceremony and restraint; in a word, in every respect, save the regularity and admirable arrangement of the house-hold details, which proclaimed as mistress to be the queen of managers,—the establishment might have entered into comparison with Lord Berrymore's bacchanalian cottage at Wargrave. Liquor flowed night and day, like the streams of a perennial fountain—cards and the circulated through the 24 hours: and the pranks of the merry maidens and their jovial entertainers, transcended the bounds of modern belief. Here, to his infinite surprise already existed, as he thought to the uttermost, the Englishman encountered Miss Vernon who, if she had not already impressed him amid the airy joy of dressed groups at Dalton-dale, now shone out the Lady in Grey enclosed by his fond and doting court. With these sentiments he set out to pay his "fair Valentine as he vent" to call her in allusion to their association on that sain's day;" and she, on her part, reciprocated, not unwarmly, the preference: for though prompt to espy and to enjoy the ridiculous, she could not help contemplating the pranks and orgies of the general and his train of toss-pots as little better than the wars or wildness of Silenus and his band of satyrs.

Cyprian's reappearance in the world of fashion, and renewed the full benefit of his courtesy as acknowledged to him; and he secured it a rare piece of good fortune, which soon afterwards occurred to enhance his merit with the woman, whom favour he honed after, purely because of the peculiarity of taste, which led her to deny it.

Mrs Drew, being not only a most excellent woman, but a near connexion of the deceased Col. Vernon, the daughter came in the absence of her mother to visit, and she had several times before, in the course of days, with a good deal of attendance and perfect safety. For, though the head of the household was accustomed to admit a large general company, a sensitive matron into sheltering her visit,—yet the fair Patsey and her fond guardian, while they avoided a long stay there, accepted to hurt his feelings by keeping away entirely from a house, where the young lady was under the special protection of her near kin-woman. But her past experience of the freedom practised on Fair Forest, had not familiarized her with the extent to which it was carried on the present day: the first and finest in the neighbourhood were now present there: and from the forepart of the day, the herd of the revels kept within reasonable limits: At dinner—and such a repast would have gone far to excuse or indeed blot out, in the minds of the most precise—all the irregularities of its founder—he signalized himself by sundry escapades; and before rising from table, his beard johns and green hunter, would have thrown the countenance of Square Peter into the shade. He had wife, and daughters present—and swelling with indignation which carried her to pity her for his wish great temperance, in order to allay the heat into which she was thrown by her internal ferment: while the females, some of them looked sheepishly disconcerted—and others thought proper to assume an air of extreme unconcern.—Leaving the table or the room was out of the question, as such an attempt would only have subjected them to pursuit, and the penalty of not returning as the imperative toll gentlemen might choose to exact.

Miss Vernon had begun to meditate making her escape, if possible, before dark; but a little reflection satisfied her of the impossibility of effecting such a coup de main, which would generally the work of days. Carriages were absolutely broken, drivers and harness locked up—horses carried off to remote hiding-places—and every expedient put in practice by the company-loving host to detain his guests; and since she could do no better, the proud set, as he was used to style her, was fain to endure what could not be perfectly disgusted her, in the hope of soon taking command next day to facilitate her departure. Patsey, except during meals, was out of the way of being shocked by the general's keep out of the way of being shocked by the general's coarse against delicacy and the dignity of their sex. The evening passed off pleasantly enough; and Patsey down, ed herself secure in her cousin of sleeping in a large closet within Mrs. Drew's bed-chamber, and too near her to allow of any invasion on the part of her husband, who, though braving her before a room full of strangers, where decorum never rarely used her presence, struck one in private and submission always expected to the reflection of a rebuke—and she was formed to take up her lodging with her companions of the day in a large chamber, which their careful hostess locked upon them, and took away the key "to make assurance doubly sure." It was late when the gay train retired; and yet, as is usually the case with gay hours just parted from their mirthful subjects, they young ladies just parted from their mirthful subjects, they felt indisposed for sleep. Half or wholly undressed, they first discussed their various flirtations and admirers—and then discussed their various flirtations and admirers—and then, in the exuberance of juvenile glee, laughed and pinched and pulled one another about, till a wild game of romps ensued—and their declamations of frolick fright were overheard and answered. In the midst of their giddy and girlish play, the key was heard to turn in its ward—the door creaked on its hinges; and old general Drew, in a most grave-que dressee, tottered in; for though not actually drunk, he was in a state of happy elevation above the cares and footing of life.

"So, my pretty ones," hoarsed, securing the door, and plunking himself in an attitude of mock majesty in the middle of the floor, "won't you be good natured and let an old friend help you in your sport. By my troth you're mighty cute and men all at once," he continued, as the startled harpkans huddled up together in a corner. "After making such a noise it might arouse the dead to make me in among you. Don't think to cheat me out of my share of the fun, for I promise you, you shan't.—Come, walk out, my little sweet-heart," and he caught hold of one noted as the Priscilla Toonboy of the circle, "and let you and I trip a bit to set a good example to those faint hearted sober sons."

The young lady affected to resist, but resistance proved vain: in spite of, or rather the sooner for her negligee, she was forced, half laughing, half crying to yield to the rude handling of the disgusting intruder, who, waxing warm in his accursions on amour, proceeded from one to another of the terrified yet tickled girls, who shrieked, struggled, and yet giggling, submitted to such an inquisition, as the purchaser might make into a Circassian in the slave market—but which was alike revolting to true modesty and manly decency. Sir straight had undergone what he called a "proper overhauling," accompanied by sundry caresses, which, to a married man of his venerable age, they conceived it able to be mannish about, ere he approached Miss Vernon with open a no and a coaxing tone. Fortunately on laying aside her finery, she had wrapped herself in a dressing-gown—and now looked on in an excess of rage, sufficient to calm and concentrate her fluttered energies. The enemy was on the point of bouncing her wish his out-stretched hand, when she bounded across the floor, and snatching up the heavy iron poker from the hearth, stood in a menacing, yet ready for the attack. The general, not dreaming that she was in earnest, hardily advanced; she drew back with her weapon—not a very heroic but an efficient one—roused, and crying him with the scorn and defiance of a Penthemilea, bade him come closer at his peril and take the consequences.

He did not come nearer—but let a finger on me in your wake, howled brutality and virulence of the blow large fear dead as my foot. For shame! old man! grey in folly as in years—thus to insult the weak and helpless under your own roof! And are you ladies, women to humble yourselves to such profanation?" and she glanced with an eye of fire on those, who, taking courage from her boldness, clustered about her. "Rally round me: I will protect you: and do you, Sir undo the door—or if screams can avail to give the alarm, I'll make my voice heard even to my own house. I have no father to call you to account—or you had not dared to venture thus."

These last words appealed to the generosity of their seducer, who had intended nothing beyond a rude play of their early and virginal separation. For Cyprian duly got the draught with such professions of intense and undying devotion—he so execrated his intolerable density and himself, and raved so vehemently at the thought of losing her forever,—that Hetty subdued to utter oblivion of all the world besides,—offered herself to forsake all and run off with him. Though the arch dissembler raved —and that without laughing outright, he could barely keep his countenance at such a proposal: yet it was necessary to soothe and cajole the being in a state little short of frenzy; so with a thousand raptures acknowledgments of his goodness he took a tender leave,—promising the necessity of a short absence. Soon Islandale, and promising a speedy return to do all set she wished.

He departed accordingly—and left his hapless victim in such agonies as might move an angel fallen from its high sphere. Despair, shame, horror, and the direst emotions of womanhood and modesty to join me. Help! help!"

And she uttered a shriek so piercing, that through all the hubbub and confusion pervading the riotous mansion, the sound reached the acute ears of Mrs. Drew—and occasioned her, nothing backward to the rescue. She fell in her pocket and at once comprehended the case; for the key so carefully secured, was gone: like a ship sunk deep before the wind—her talk was long and her tongue incessant—and she made the welkin and the guest rooms, fresh echoes quickening her into a fever of haste and fright. Mr. Rudolph, too, the only one of the male inmates, aroused to and therefore attracted by, the outcry, hurried in the direction whence it came, and overtook the regular guardian of the peace and place; but ere either could lay a hand of assault upon the door, it burst violently open.—and Miss Vernon, her eyes gleaming with the red lightning that the eagle flashes on its foe, her whole dress disordered, and her hair flowing in dishevelled wildness under her aroused energy of action, was precipitated into the arms of Cyprian, expanded to break her fall. Mrs. Drew deigned not a word to the culprit husband, who sneaked by her like a detected school-boy before his awfully incensed pedagogue; but begging her affronted kin-woman to repair to her bed-chamber, she entered with many apologies and protestations, lately the cause of so much confusion.

Mr. Rudolph, seeing the state of affairs, laboured to prepossess to wish and hope that nothing he had passed his services upon the angry beauty before, with the true masculine passion for variety, he fancied a thousand times more fascinating in her agitation than ever,) with a bewitchingness at such an outrageous [illegible] to pine her a high idea of his chivalrous respect for the softer sex. Having received her mandate to go early to Vernon Hill with a note to her mother, he bowed profoundly and retired.

To the infinite surprise, Miss Vernon was enabled to depart on the following day—and her assiduous enquire obtained leave to attend her on horse-back. The incident occasioned a general scattering of the ladies.—for since Miss Vernon had seen fit to make such a superfluous fuss about a thing better hushed up and laughed at, it became a point of honour with the others not to be behind hand in it. The ridiculous party assembled to depart with perfect composure—and Hetty, though she could not help that his popularity was too firmly established, to be shaken by such a puny breeze, and that they would all be glad enough to find their way back again, the first plausible chance. Her English escort, having restored the lovely Amazon, to the arms of her lady mother, took heed not to forfeit his privilege—and therefore trespassed but one night on their hospitality. The next day saw him resume his customary seat at the Dalton-dale dinner table.

* * * * * * *

He found Hetty more beautiful because paler than before; for an excess of colour bold, a smack of that robustness of health and habit purely pleheian, had been, more than once triumphantly alleged by the envious and the ugly in depreciation of her charms. And she herself could never look Miss Vernon in the face, without hating her for the immaculacy of her complexion, which, in the first times of their acquaintance reflection. She was the only thing though the polished purity of sparkly was dwelt. But now all comparative and disturbing ideas were lost in rapture at the re-appearance of her lover. After the mediocrity of the Vernon Hill set, and the rare commonly of her own abode, that pink of foreign fashion and courtly complaisance burst upon her like Jupiter, in the full glory of his god-head, before the dazed and enamoured senses. Amazed, enchanted, infatuated quite her senses, the wild girl gave herself up, resigned against the headlong torrent of passion, engulfing reason, duty and reflection; and gratify to the displeasure of the polite Cyprian, laid herself and the secret of her heart open to the observation of the whole house-hold. Mr. Dallas soon remained unconscious of what was so obvious to every body else: though his ignorance arose from no fault of Hetty's who pestered her lover with incessant petitions to enlighten him upon the subject: which, from the delicacy of feeling could by no farther from his present thoughts than such a step: for, deep in the confidence of his love, he had now learned that Miss Dallas was as good a contracted to Cary Nivison, who, himself in possession of a princely revenue, was full willing to overlook a slender dowry, for the sake of the exceeding beauty ching to it. This arrangement, befitting all parties, the only fortune-hunter had no intention of disturbing—though he was resolved to secure the disinterested bride-groom in the possession of his fair prize.

The situation of the young ladywas truly pitable. By nature and education alike exposed to error—without a friend or adviser to appeal to—or Mrs. Cliff, though dozing upon the child of her mother—consulting fathers and husbands as delegated by heaven to rule woman-kind, and as her professed reverence for their sacred rights, would be addressed in no appeal to them as decent but blaspheming—reviewed from communion with her only parent—indisposed to counsel or confide in her rival cousin, and her brother screened from her by thousands of miles,—she found herself hopelessly entangled in the toils spread for her by the machinations of his sex, of whom she was distractedly enamoured. Impressed by the preponderating influence of Rudolph with a sense of her inferiority to him—and her own future misery in losing any one so much by the unpalatable process of that mighty love, the divinity, later so prized and pre-eminent—to whom so many altars had been raised, and so much incense offered, had shaken to a mere fond girl, unable to contend with, much less control the influence exercised over her. The result may be imagined rather than told.

If as philosophers have asserted, all happiness consists in being well deceived, Cary Nivison was now possessed of the highest degree of it as accepted lover, was in the full enjoyment of it; for certainly he believed himself to be all in all to the adored beauty of Hanover. The genial month of May passed like a brief dream of Paradise; the Miss Dallas now too much afraid of Rudolph's reserve's to exhibit her real sentiments—and he terse caressing capricious and courteous, was never cold nor constant to one mood: and the experience of it her lover, to her speedily received the full benefit of this kind. In the gallantry of the day it was counted the lady's prerogative to wish and hope for the accomplishment of her every desire, and the gentleman's duty to gratify it, as much as possible, even at the risk of losing his own life. Hence the frequent fightings during its fair, sulphurous gleams around is flashed and quivering play.

"Like the pale coursers tail,
And the grim fiend, on his pale horse rode by death,
And hell followed in the Apocalypse,"

and still in the end, "the mess—the inconstant moon" whose fitfully drawn, smothering the light many orbs of the coming storm—and causing her hallowed rays wear that quarter of the earth and sky. Scarce drawing her breath, and with the stealthy step of the cat intent upon its prey—Hetty, with a dark cloak thrown over her fair form, flew along the path leading to the grave-yard, where, as being the spot most remote from observation, Rudolph had given her rendezvous. It was nine midnight; the timid adventurer

"Heard the owl shriek and the cricket cry,"

as she stole, shivering with trepidation, through the hall; and still the tremulous and boding screech of the bird of night rung in her ear, while shadows on every point, and afraid to look on either side, her little feet could hardly grasp through the rank matted grass, loaded with dew that overgrew the scattered graves. And now she stood, gasping and panting, and pale and cold as its monumental marble, beside her grandmother's tomb, from which, to her white dress, she was hardly discernible. Overcome by a superstitious panic, caused by her place, the hour, and her own "coward conscience," her limbs refused their office of support, and in another moment she would have fainted from affright had not a warm hand been held on her arm—and a voice, that would have recalled her from the insensibility of death, softly murmured her name.

"Oh! Cyprian," she exclaimed, throwing herself into his arms—and her unnerving fears at once giving way to the potency of expectation: "dear Cyprian, you are come at last—and all will be well with me. All my torments and troubles are over: you are going to take me away and treat me as your wife."

"Esther!" her lover answered in a deep, grave tone, and hardly returning her embrace—"Esther, this is no time for trifling: I come to speak the truth and you must hear it. We have loved each other most wisely, but too well,' we yielded to that love—discovery is inevitable unless something be quickly done." You say that we will be happy together; do you think Esther, that you—bred up as as much luxury as surrounds a princess—cradled in splendour, and followed by adulation—not even the wish of Heaven permitted to visit your cheek too roughly—all your wants and whims anticipated and waited on if you chose it, by a hundred slaves; do you think that you could forsake all this—turn your back upon fortune and embrace poverty—dress, food, and sleep coarsely—bury into want and obscurity from one place to another, without either fondness or respect, and, yet be happy—happy simply because you were with me? Father, you mistake, or rather you are not yet awake. The change in your state could not but change your sentiments; you would look upon and loathe me as the cause of your humiliation—you would regret all that you had rashly left and lost: and I—how could I bear the consciousness of having brought you to this?"

"Cyprian," she replied, drooping her head and hiding that beautiful face now palely expressive as that of a magdalen, "have you not brought me to worse? to sin and shame and sorrow? and do I hate you? have I ever reproached you with it? No! Cyprian; come what may, poverty or riches, sickness or health—suffering or joy, life or death," and she elevated her head, and raised her hands, "by you create unsoon that I dare not look up to—I will love and serve you to my latest hour, and bless you, too, for doing me justice."

"Do yourself justice, my beloved girl," said her deluder patronizingly, "your fair angel a brilliant soon it yet may be—it is your own hands. There is

storm: a strange and strong power most of and hung over her at once. unaccountable and undue. Her maid, Keziah, repulsed in her services—and told to go to bed —had spread her pallet before the hearth—and was fast —had spread her pallet before the hearth—and was fast asleep in a moment. Miss Vernon, wrapping herself in a shawl—and taking the light in her hand, proceeded on tip-toe to the door of Miss Dallas's chamber—there to listen if aught tended to confirm her presagent fears. But she trembled herself to no purpose; only the audible and regular breathing of the sleeper within was heard—but that was enough: it corroborated the presence of her uncle's conclusions—and rebuked her own hasty and ill bodied surmises: so, stealing softly back, the lovely creature, after a fervent thanksgiving to Heaven, retired calmly to rest.

More than once, Miss Vernon, whose slumbers were easily chased away, woke up, fancying that some one shook and turned the bolt of her chamber door: she hearkened and called, but there was no answer or repetition of the noise: and deeming it but imaginary, she composed herself to sleep again. But her slumbers were not destined to a tranquil termination. Suddenly a shrill scream, that rung from one end of the house to the other, made her spring in terror out of bed and to her feet. She ran to her window, and drawing aside the dimity curtain, looked out for the origin of what had sounded her: the belt of light broadening and brightening around the eastern horizon, and the twitter of the birds showed that day was just breaking—but she saw nothing living or stirring in the open air. The cry for help came louder and louder—and evidently approached her door. Patsey, restored to her ordinary self possession—for being no heroine, she had never swooned or scrambled in her affrighted; but hesitated to open it—and on rushed Miss Dallas's woman, and fell prostrate before her. In an ecstacy of fright, sufficient partially to paralyze her tongue—panting for breath—her big white eyes bursting from her head, her long skinny fingers uplifted and outspread in testimony of her superlatively scary tale, poor Judy could only reiterate, "Oh! Miss Patsey, Miss Patsey! come see Miss Hetty, come see Miss Hetty."

In an instant Miss Vernon had thrown herself in her cousin's room—and beside her lifeless corpse. At first she was unconscious of the full horrors of the scene, as she hung over and strove to rouse the cold remains of the Suicide. Oh! how sunken the bright being, who, but yesterday warm with youth and health, moved and glowed in the light of living and breathing loveliness! No wreck of beauty lingered on that once stern face, disfigured as it was by the struggle of mortal agony and guilt. The once heavenly brow was knit in fierce defiance and unhallowed resolution: those deep blue eyes, stretched open and surrounded by circles of livid purple, had rolled back in their sockets till only the whites were visible: and slowly arising out at the drawn down corners, the white foam frothed her ashy lips lately by red as the rose-bud, and the seat of servile smiles. Her nostrils were frightfully distended, and her whole frame stiffened in an attitude that attested the dreadful severity of the final convulsion. An overpowering smell of laudanum pervaded the apartment—and on a chair near the bed-head stood, as if hastily set down—a large cup, whose scent and the sediment deposited at the bottom, announced the deadly nature of the draught, which drained to the last drop, had expelled the desperate spirit from its tenement of clay. Her long, yellow hair, torn and tangled in the writhings of those awful moments, hung in heavy masses on the pallid cheeks, offering a contrast of colour as horrid as did the rich garb in which she had flung herself down to die, to the lump of senseless flesh, hardly preserving the semblance of humanity, and about to become the prey of corruption and the worm. But the most hideous circumstance was displayed in that once fine but now enlarged form, whose present posture clearly revealed the cause and apology of the fatal act.

But Patsey saw nothing, save the dead body before her —comprehended only that her kinswoman was gone and forever. She had relaxed in her attempts to recall life—and for some minutes remained kneeling beside the bed. Her face hid in the coverlid, in a stillness that struck the attendants as hardly less incomprehensible than the appalling sight before them. After the first shock was over, she had raised her pallid, tearful visage to gaze around the apartment—when lo! on the threshold, she was rudely pushed aside, and like a grim spectre, her uncle stalked past her. His ear had caught words dropped by the confused domestics, as they hurried past his chamber (for none dare venture in to tell him) in search of remedies, and they knew not what. Half dressed he came out in the sufferer's life, not to palliate or conceal the tragical catastrophe he fancied to have led to it, but to inquire into and ascertain his own dishonour—and to vindicate the sullied dignity of his roof-tree. Miss Vernon would have stayed his entering steps—but she caught a glimpse of his countenance, and shrunk back aghast as did the horrified maids. He advanced towards the couch whereon lay stretched the mortal reliques of his child —his sole and motherless daughter, the victim of her own rash deed, giving such strong proof of the repentance, which it seemed to preclude: and fearful was the contrast between the pallid rigid corpse, whose swoln and convulsed features bore the stamp and spoke the language of fiercest passion—and the living being, in whose countenance they contended in strongest energy. One look satisfied him of the truth—one long inverted gaze, as his broad arms firmly folded, his head bent forward like a volcano, his teeth clenched with a spasmodic compression, and eye glaring with a concentrated and fiery wrath—that had the hapless offender before him been reanimated into life, would, at once have subjected to repulsage her into insensibility. He essayed to speak—a low, hollow, hissing sound was all his organs of articulation could produce: he made a second attempt, astounding all present;

"With horror shuddering on a heap they ran,"

as in tones of indescribable rage and irony he said: "Cursed be the wretch that once called daughter! cursed be her memory! thrice cursed her shame! Take up this senseless carrion," spurning it with his foot as he spoke; "it no longer pollutes this mansion. Carry it to the steward's house let it be privately interred: and death be the portion of him or her, who hereafter, presumes to name that hateful thing before me."

With a cry of horror, Miss Vernon sprang forward to deprecate a sentence so inhuman: an action so unnatural; but her uncle, seizing her hand, dragged her forth with him, repeating still more sternly his harsh and degrading directions. They were implicitly obeyed, though not a little condemned and wondered at when generally known.

The funeral of the once worshipped beauty, now stigmatized and abhorred as a wanton and self murderer, was conducted agreeably to the irreversible decree of her implacable parent. Neither Mrs. Vernon, who, notwithstanding her delicate state, came immediately to give her brother every consolation—nor her daughter, could extort a repeal or modification of his severity towards the memory of his guilty child. The body, promptly removed to the place indicated, was there locked up from every human eye till after dusk, when it was buried by a party of the most trusty slaves—the overseer attending, and reading the funeral service, in a lone part of the grave yard, out of view from the house. The bereaved father, seemingly bent on obliterating every trace of an existence which had been so odious and disgraceful, gave neither by dress nor by any token of mourning, a hint of the real state of mind was such as we may suppose it to have been: those, who, under the law of Moses, were compelled to assist at the execution of their nearest kindred by throwing the first stone. Day saw him exert himself to receive all visitors, and resort to his customary modes of amusement; but with night, came the fearful revulsion of feeling and natural nature. He seldom retired to rest: but during the long, weary hours of darkness and silence, as we have introduced him to our readers, plunged in the painful remembrance of the past, or writhing under the pangs of lacerated pride. Generally he suffered without flinching or murmuring; but at times, the death like stillness of the midnight scene was interrupted by groans, harrowing up the sympathy and soul of Miss Vernon, who slept in the adjoining chamber. Every thing appertaining to his deceased daughter was burnt or otherwise destroyed by his commands; and the sole memorials preserved of her by the pious care of her afflicted cousin, consisted in a tiny and beautifully embroidered shoe picked up in a corner of the chamber, where it had fallen after being displaced in the agony of the last struggle; and a crumpled scrap of paper thrust under the door of Patsey's chamber, and containing in almost illegible characters, the following lines.

"My dear, dear Cousin: You have all seen and spoken to me for the last time. I bid you good bye forever, and beg you on my knees to pity and forgive your poor, lost Hetty: lost through her own weakness more than his fault. Oh! cousin! how have I acted! I am fallen; sunk below the dust under your feet; my body has been given to nothingness, and my soul—but no, not for my God have mercy on it. He showed me no mercy; he that I loved so, and would have died for. I cannot live to be cursed and trampled upon, in the grave my grief and shame will both be ended.

Why do I write you? what would I say? Oh! I remember now—my brother; my dear brother; my own Wilford: he that doated on me with so much pride in my beauty; and used to twine my hair around his fingers and call me his angel sister. Oh! let him not know my sin and shame; oh! keep it from him as you would have me rest in my grave; and my last words shall bless you; and bless him too, that good father, that I have disgraced and shall disavow. I know that he loves me, though I did not always think so. All of you, forgive me; I was duped and led away. Think of me as I was in the days of my innocence, when we used to play and be together through the live-long day. Once more, my dearest cousin, a long and eternal farewell; for where you will be hereafter, I can never come: our places will be distant as light and darkness; virtue and vice; Heaven and hell. Once more farewell and forget the guilty Hetty."

Such were the last words; and such the end of Esther Dallas, the beautiful, the vain and erring: who, favoured by nature, by fortune, and by fame, perverted all their high gifts; and left the name, once so eminent and envied, to be the theme of reproach and warning—

"To point a moral and adorn a tale."

* * * * * *

Having brought down our story to the period of Wilford's return, there needs but little discernment in my readers to divine how matters aped between him and the fair Miss Vernon. Sympathy and gratitude, combining to cement and increase fondness, they soon loved one another like lovers of the olden time; and contrary to the authority of chronicle and experience, "the course of their true love did run smooth." They were united amid general consent and congratulation: and continued to reside at Vernon Hill, during the lifetime of its infirm and exemplary mistress.

Mrs. Vernon's but not insensible representative of the Dallas dynasty: "tried but not subdued" by Heaven's visitation on his pride, recovered himself in a great degree after the auspicious marriage. Left alone in his wide domain; and finding himself solitary as Adam before the creation of his partner and temptress, he, to the prodigious astonishment of friends and foes, gave Dalton-vale a new lady in the person of Miss Barbara Page, who, after playing her cards with infinite address and perseverance, thus won the game and the immense stake dependent on it, subject only to a draw-back of a husband rather older than her father.

Another matrimonial connexion had already taken place, which created even a greater sensation than the union of Spring and Autumn, as the last mentioned match was designated. Cary Nutson, after the discovery of his intended's dishonour, proceeded without pause or reflection to the residence of Mrs. Hollis, (as many continued to style the deserted spouse of the restless Rudolph;) offered his hand to the pretty Pocahontas; was frankly accepted, and by way of showing his utter contempt and indifference for the fair and frail one, as well as to make all proceed and undone has; committed the minor but unavoidable unceremonial of wedding after a courtship of three weeks. According to the ways, he had got his fill of procrastination in the melancholy matter with Miss Dallas. Be that as it might, he lived long, and as peaceably as his neighbours, with the woman, who brought him more money, if less beauty than the unfortunate girl, who fully atoned for her meditated fraud against his honour and happiness by her awful fate and posthumous infamy as a guilty SUICIDE. E. C. S.

The following curious chemical experiment is related by a correspondent in a late number of the London Mechanics Magazine. "If a plate of pure platina be immersed in strong sulphuric acid, and then washed in distilled water, and put into a mixture of Oxygen and hydrogen gas, in proportions as found in water, the gases will combine gradually till the plate becomes red hot, and at last the gases will explode; the combined gases will run off the plate in the form of water, or escape in aqueous vapour."

For the Saturday Evening Post.

AN EVENING AT NEIL'S—No. 2.

Squibb. To Sir Oracle, and Fustian, who appear occupied in poring over the toasts, said to have been given at the several Anniversary celebrations of the 4th of July.

Gentlemen, we have been very negligent of late—Neil declares with a truism smacking somewhat of his profession, that our late proceedings have proved as rapid as the tinsings of his Pouzhkeepsie!

Fustian. And as stale as Birch's wit—Eh, Squibb?

Squibb. He further deposes that unless you are more regular in your attendance, he will have to decline the receipt of the extra cask, which since you have had your sittings at his house, he has found barely sufficient to answer your demands. Now, he does not find the consumption per week sufficiently great to warrant a continuance.

Sir Oracle. Did you note, Fustian, how portentous John looked as we entered but the moment he observed Squibb's handsome phiz, as that worthy crossed the threshold, his brow relaxed from its rigidity, and his eye became relumed with the usual bland expression. You are evidently a favourite, Squibb!

Squibb. Nothing more than the crumbs, which Neil bestows upon me, through his sense of the aqueous merits of my colleagues. I feel half disposed to strike for a more equal quota.

Fustian. That may be easily effected. Call in three glasses—*pay for them now*, and liquidate the amount scored against you. Do this, and *mine host of the Star* will be with you, to the death, despite your propensity to rail at the sappy flavor of his ale.

Squibb. Amiable adviser! will you do me the favour to explain those chalk marks which grace you door, ambiguously surmounted with an "F" Is I may read them—I should say that John had been oftener called upon to add to the number that Neil has thought in accordance with his opinion of you as "*Homo sublimi fide.*"

Sir Oracle. "When Greek meets Greek &c."—Gentlemen, I would advise that hostilities be suspended, and as a punishment for your violation of the harmony of the club, I award, that you Squibb, call in three glasses of ale, and that Fustian pay for them.

Fustian. Shame upon such a verdict—have you forgotten that "stocks" have fallen—think of my wife and children!

Squibb. I will thank you, Sir Oracle, to reach that bell—John, some Poughkeepsie—charge it to Fustian. Nay, look not so doubtingly—I will be his security for the amount. But mind, thou drawer of corks, for this night only—no longer.

Fustian. Security! you—

Squibb. How admirably our relative situations are adapted to the beautiful stanza of the western Benedict, who notified the public of the loss of his lovely consort, in the following impassioned strain, which I will somewhat pervert to suit the present exigency.

"This is all persons to forewarn
They must not Fustian trust,
To the amount of an acorn,
Or lose it all, they must."

John, bear this in mind—Fustian, your health!

Fustian. What a mad-cap you are—one would almost be tempted to believe that you had been under the medical care of the Thomsonians, and lost your wits in the steam bath.

Sir Oracle. Rather say,—enlisted in the service, because a quack himself—and in lieu of common sense learned the art of compounding quack medicines.

Fustian. Nay! we will not be so severe as to suppose him such an egregious ass.

Squibb. I thank you Fustian—for I assure you I have no wish to be considered a member of that learned body.

Fustian. The *an re, or Thommonians?*

Squibb. Scylla and Charybdis!

Sir Oracle. It strikes me very forcibly—

Squibb. For heaven's sake! Let nothing strike you; we have heard of so many lately that

"My ear is pained—my very soul is sad,
With every day's report of *strikes.*"

Sir Oracle. Why it cannot certainly be, that you, who have ever maintained such uncompromising hostility against oppression, and professed so much love for the people, and their interests; you, are not opposed to the late measures of the working men.

Squibb. I am not against their measures—but the mode by which they effected their purposes—methinks they would have gained their ends more effectually, and certainly with less opposition, had they pursued a less noisy course.

Fustian. There was nothing turbulent in their proceedings, on the contrary, every thing was conducted with harmony and unanimity.

Squibb. There is no doubt as to their *unanimity*, if we may so term the *unisensalism* of opinion that characterized their proceedings. But I conceive that their parade through the streets was useless and impolitic, calculated to excite feelings of ill will in the minds of their employers; not from motives of reluctance to grant the strikes, their wishes, but from displeasure, at the violent, and abrupt tone in which their demand was couched.

Sir Oracle. Could they otherwise have affected their purposes?

Squibb. Undoubtedly—we have a confirmation of the fact in the resolutions passed by those employing crafts, whose journeymen instead of noisily assembling in the public squares—represented their case to their employers, and were met at once, with prompt redress.

Fustian. They had the strikes in view, and knew that unless they did comply, their men would follow the same course.

Squibb. On conversing with several master carpenters and masons, whose journeymen *turned out*, I have learned that as soon as they understood that a strike was in contemplation—they stated their willingness to accede to the terms demanded, and advised their men not to lay aside their business—as they were willing to give the advance of wages and time asked.

Sir Oracle. Yet had the journeymen complied, they would have been deviating from the general interest; which requires, that a popular measure to succeed, must be simultaneous and united. Had these individuals acted in accordance with their employers wishes, they would have felt the majority to struggle with the whole weight of the opposition, and found themselves in the end obliged to resume their original position.

Squibb. Your view of the case is a strange one, truly. They would not only have gained their own ends, but proved a precedent for the reluctant employers of their craft. These latter, when they saw how their brethren had acted would be forced to co-operate, and the journeymen could have gone through their revolution, without neglecting their business a single hour. But no! By adopting this course, they would not have been afforded an opportunity of showing their independence, and testing their employers powers of sufferance, and to do this, they must parade along our streets, injuring their own cause. The business of their employers—and all, to gain—*what?*

Fustian. A triumph over an enslaving system, which had held down its victims in almost slavery, giving them in return for perseverance, and industry, a mere subsistance, totally inadequate to co-oppose the many expenses of a rising family—or enable them to rise beyond the situation of a drudge. Mechanical tools, at best, they could see nothing in the perspective, but toil, without the cheering consolation of knowing that they were amassing an overplus, wherewith, to weather the storms of adversity,—coming ago—and the many incidental crosses of a poor man's career. They have gained a glorious triumph!

Sir Oracle. They have indeed—and I am confident, there is too much philanthropy existing in the minds of the employing mechanics, generally, to allow the supposition that when they find the good effects of the revised system, they will attempt to thwart its successful continuance. It was remarked in the City Councils some time since, by an editorial member of the Corporation, that he believed a labourer would do as much in ten hours under the present arrangement, as they formerly did in twelve. The remark was in accordance with his thorough knowledge of mankind; it is one in which I fully concur, and it will also hold on the question of an advance of wages. It serves as a powerful stimulant. Therefore I say with Fustian, it is a triumph, not of a mob seeking a revolution from unworthy motives—but of a large, and respectable number of our fellow citizens—who have felt the ill effects of a system which, from its harshness of feature, drove them to wrest from their employers terms, which should have been voluntarily accorded them.

Squibb. It is recorded of Pyrrhus of Epirus that after a severe contest with the Romans, where he proved conqueror, he exclaimed—"Another such a victory, and I am undone"—and I think it that the triumph of the *strikes* will prove similar in its result. Many of them already see the dangers of their position.

Sir Oracle. Ay, indeed! Will you explain.

Fustian. Rather a difficult task, I imagine Squibb!

Squibb. By no means—on the contrary it is so apparent that I am astonished you have not considered it before. For instance—can we suppose, that a building which cost so much additional to erect it, will rent at as moderate terms as though it was built at the old prices. The builder expended more capital—he will require a rent sufficient to liquidate his additional disbursements. And the mechanic will discover by his own rule, that the very important item of rent is proportionately increased.

Sir Oracle. There is much truth in your argument, and I confess that it bears heavily upon the contra advantages.

Fustian. This is an individual case only.

Squibb. And yet it forms but one link of an extended chain of the same nature. The shoemaker, pays more for his leather, and to his workmen—ergo, he must charge more for his articles. The *strike* may not purchase a cord of fuel without paying more for having it brought to his door. The sawyer struck also, he too must receive an additional price for his services. Turn which way you will, the effects of the strike are obvious and galling. Chancing to step into a printing office some few days back, I was amused with the remark of a part "*devil*" who complained that since the late strike, *crackers* or biscuit, had risen one cent per pound. "We must strive for more money for eatables while working at nights," said the urchin,—"Our Boss should recollect the rise on crackers, and who knows, but the dairy maids will strike, and then we shall have to pay more for cheese."

Sir Oracle. The end of all this will be, you think, that the times will be harmonised to the change.

Squibb. Things will regulate themselves. The operative will receive more money for his services, but it will be filtered through channels unknown before—and when he comes to settle his personal expenses, he will find that he has not been in any wise, the gainer. Instead of advancing his interests, he will stand as he did before the strike.

Fustian. The reasoning I conceive to be just, and I regret that it is so—as I do not think the original scale of prices a sufficient payment for the service the operative has to perform.

Squibb. On that head, I am with you. But there can be no remedy—so long as *self interest* prove the ascendant principle—not only of the employer, but the employed.

Fustian. Yet you condemn the operatives for opposing their interests, to the same principle, as manifested by their employers.

Squibb. Did they advance their interests by so doing? Were they not aware from the aspect of the times, and the rates of prices, as given—from the laying a brick to the building a house—that a revolution could not be safely effected. Did the female working classes gain any thing? They indeed deserved all, and more than they asked, yet with them their very weakness was the cause of their defeat: with the journeyman, the strength developed produced the same result. But, a truce to the subject. How passed you the 4th, Sir Oracle?

Sir Oracle. In Delaware county, among old associates.

Squibb. And you, Fustian?

Fustian. Why—ahem—really—I played ten-pins for want of some more profitable business—it is a day that always hangs heavily with me. As to you Squibb, I suppose you spent it at some one of the public dinners. Did you give a toast? and did the proxy Col. in the chair cry out—"Mr. Squibb's toast to be drank the chair cry out—"Mr. Squibb's toast to be drank standing."

Squibb. I neither passed it in wine bibbing or gambling. Think me not personal, in saying that I have too much regard for the day, and its recollections, to hail it with the enthusiasm of a bacchante, or wear it away in playing ten-pins.

Fustian. Well, well—enough on that subject—I would rather hear you relate your experience.

Squibb. The first explosion of *boy patriotism* as it came up to my window, caused me to give Morpheus the "go by," and push hastily to the foot of Chesnut street. Once on my way to Burlington, I left satisfied and took things coolly until I found myself leisurely reclining under an old walnut, in the vicinity of Springfield, discussing the price of lands, the probable value of the harvest, &c. &c., with a patriarchal old Quaker, who has the misfortune to call me,—nephew. So passed the 4th and 5th. On the 6th Squibb was again the slave of his profession.

Saturday Evening Post.

JULY 25, 1835.

☞ We have received a letter from our travelling friend, post marked Utica, but too late for insertion this week. It will appear next week.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Journal of the Franklin Institute for July has made its appearance and contains its usual variety of interesting matter, useful to manufacturers and utilitarians. Its prolific notices of new *patents* average the usual number (about 60 per month) and proves the American people to be the most inventive in the world. We propose for once to give the titles of the patents, they may interest some of our readers. "A Screw for propelling Canal and other Boats: Sawmill Dogs: an Improvement on Movable Sinks: machine for sifting and cleaning Grain: a Spring Carryall: machine for Moulding Brick: machine for pressing Brick: for manufacturing Wrought nails and spikes: for Doubling, Twisting, Rveling, &c: for making Pitch from gas refuse: Circular Tenter Bars: an Improvement in Fire-places and Stoves: Rail Road Tracks and Wheels: a Side Saddle: the application of Caoutchouc to the Ropes used in Dragging Canon Inclined Planes, &c: a press for Cotton, Hay &c.: a machine for removing weights, and Loosing and unloading Boats, &c.: a Mortising Machine: machines for Roping Cotton, &c.: for an *Easy Chair*: Improvement in Construction of Bedsteads: a Thrashing Machine: for Smelting Iron Ore with Anthracite Coal: a Machine for Shelling Corn: a Cooking Stove: Stone Hammers: a Lath Machine: Improved Lay of the Power Loom: a Washing Machine: a Machine for Planting and Covering Corn: Machine for dressing Staves: an Improvement in Oven: for Manufacturing Sheet and Boiler Iron: Improvement in Manufacturing Scythes: a thrashing Machine: an Oven Machine for Hulling and Breaking Cotton Seed: Machine for making Wrought Nails, Tacks, and Spikes: for a mode of do.: Apparatus for Applying, Abstracting and Conducting Heat: a Bird Machine: Machine for Cutting Grass and Grain Bellows for Furnaces and Forges: a Straw Cutter: a Corn Sheller: a Cheese Curd Cutter: a Machine for Dressing Manilla Hemp, &c.: an Improvement in the Stomach Pump, Cupping Instruments and Breast Pump: Machine for Splitting Palm Leaves: Machine for Planing and Matching Boards: a Planing Machine: a Safety Lock; Lathe for turning Lasts, Boot trees &c.; Machine for Sewing Boots and other Vessels: Hoop Shaving Machine: Sewing Machine: Machine for Moulding Bricks: a Clap Board Machine: Horse Power, &c.!"

Each month the Journal contains descriptions of multitudinous patents, which we should judge would be useful to inventors, as they might learn by it that some of their principles have been invented frequently before.

ANNE GRAY.—*A novel, Edited by the author of "Cranby."—Philadelphia, Carey Lea & Blanchard.*

This is the reprint of a new English fiction. The Editor in his preface, says, "I am permitted to state that this is a first publication, and that it is the work of a female hand, but I do not mention these things with a view to deprecate criticism."

The work, as we have glanced through it, appears to be well written, and abounds, occasionally, in amusing sketches, and humorous delineations of character. We may probably refer to it again.

POETRY OF THE REV. C. C. COLTON.—A volume of poetry has lately been published in London, entitled "*Modern Antiquity, and other Poems.*" They are the productions of the late Rev. C. C. Colton, the celebrated author of "*Lacon,*" and one of the most unfortunate and eccentric men of his age. His *Lacon* is unsurpassed, but his poetry does not appear to meet with the same degree of public favor. We subjoin a fragment, which is said to be one of the best in the volume.

"We, that on these days are thrown,
Must be the oldest Ancients known:
The *earliest*, wisdom Earth hath seen,
Was Adam,—in his apron green.

He lived when young Creation pealed
Her morning hymn o'er flood and field,
Till all her infant offspring came
To that great christening for a name.

While Earth, a virgin then, repaid
His gentle toil without a spade:
And, decked in flowrets, dared the plough
To trace a wrinkle on her brow.

Then in his teens, a stripling blithe,
Time worked his wing, but not his scythe,
His leisure, pleasure—his employ
To ripen beauty—not destroy.

Unyoked by science to the sail,
Young zephyrs sported in the gale,
Or wantoned with the jocund wave,—
A truant then, but since a slave.

The youthful Sun with bridal smile,
Kissed ocean—continent—and isle."

FANNY KEMBLE'S BOOK.—The Americans have not been alone in denouncing the Journal of Mrs. Butler. A late number of the London Literary Gazette, contains the following appropriate remarks in relation to this meagre and *unlady-like* production.

"The work before us is deformed by graver faults than even youthful imprudence and FEMALE INEXPERIENCE can excuse. There are a *flippancy* and VULGARITY about it which surprise us the more, coming from such a source; a presumption, and *a lack of the finer and higher qualities which adorn the female character*, which is vexatious to contemplate in one so gifted."

The London Athenæum pronounces a similar verdict.

"It turns out to be one of the most deplorable exhibitions of *vulgar thinking and vulgar expression that it ever was our lot to encounter.* The immoderate desire of being thought one who *thought alone*, combined with a love of every mischief, has, we apprehend, betrayed Mrs. Butler into a book, which she herself, in a short time, and which all her friends at once will wish, had never seen the light."

It is probable, from all accounts, that Sheridan Knowles, who left this country in high dudgeon, will Fanny Kemble us in the course of a few months.—Our next advices from Murray will, it is likely, confirm the rumour.

THE BROTHERS.—A Tale of The Fronde.—New York:—Harper and Brothers. This is a novel of more than ordinary merit. We read it attentively, from the alpha to the omega, which is more than we can say of any similar work which has lately been published. It is understood that Mr. Herbert, one of the editors of the New York American Monthly Magazine, is the author, and if he had not acquired an enviable reputation by his contributions to that excellent periodical, it would at once have been secured to him by the publication of "*The Brothers.*"

The work in question, is one of the deepest interest. The plot is a good one, and its *denouement* such as to give pleasure to every reader. Isabella, the heroine, is a character which we particularly admire. She is one of those stern and resolute, yet gentle and devoted beings, which *every* body must love. The author has succeeded admirably in the delineation of her character; he has given us a portrait which shows that he is well acquainted with the female heart, and knows how to appreciate its worth. The interview between her and the hero after he had rescued her from her enemies, would do credit to the pen of Bulwer himself. We hope Mr. Herbert will soon favor us with another of his productions, for we feel assured that his success would be certain.—We subjoin a sketch as a specimen of the author's powers.

"It was, as I here said, well nigh eight o'clock, when, drawing off my regiments, I mounted a fresh horse, the third I had tired out since the dawn, and galloped at a lonesome acre from the now lonely battle field.

It is a mournful, ay, and a self-debasing sight, a recent battle field. The cold and senseless dead—charger, and he who reigned him—outstretched side by side, in the long sleep that knows no earthly waking! The miserable wounded wretches, groaning and struggling in their grim agony! The very instruments of music, and the standards, that lent their pageantry aid to make the havoc wear a glorious seeming, broken and reckless, torn and gory! The very weapons, mute ministers of this carnage, still reeking with the red witness, though no longer wielded by the strong hand, at the bidding of the high heart! It a man can look unmoved on such a sight, assisted by the consciousness that he himself has edged the blade of the immortal Azrael,—that his intellect has been perverted, his hand turned aside from its legitimate purpose of benevolence and mutual good, to the destruction, the temporal, ay, and perchance the eternal destruction of his fellow-sinners—if he can look upon this sight, can grapple with his thought, and doing so, feel nothing, or feel *proud*, he is no man! Oh, conquerors! conquerors! ye have been called the scourges of a God; but it is at the instigation of a DEVIL!

As I rode fiercely across the weltering field, such were my self accusing reveries. I felt the sin of murder on my soul. For what had I or mine of accusation against these, that I should wield the blade of extermination, weaponing, as it were, the will of others against men innocent to me? I felt though some deep and sudden desolation would be horned upon my head for the deed. I fancied, in the feeble wailings that loaded the slaughter-tainted air, the muttering of the vengeful thunder! "Never, never again," I cried aloud, in the vehemence of my over-excited spirit—"never again, O Sword! shalt thou leap from thy scabbard, save to do battle for the feeble, and to strike against the tyrant! Never shalt thou blaze in the van of battle, unless it be on English ground, and in the cause of England! Thy fight is fought; thy prize is won! Grant it—oh grant it, Thou whom I have on this day so grievously offended—grant it, Eternal Ruler and Creator, that not in HER I may be punished for this foul commission!"

"Stand, ho! Stand, or I shoot!" I was interrupted in my wild soliloquy by the fierce challenge of a sleepy sentinel, and the rattle of his heavy arquebuse, as he levelled it upon the rest.

"A friend, ho! A friend and officer. The word is Victory. Good night!" And, without checking or swerving from my gallop, I dashed by the astounded soldier without heeding the salute with which he stoned for the abruptness of his challenge. But the incident brought down my spirit from its soarings, to that which was immediately before me, without shrinking from or shunning the thoughts that had suggested themselves. I soon was able to appease them by the reflection that, if the victims were innocent of individual wrong, they were not so in lending themselves as tools and instruments of havoc to the guilty great, to the ambitious and needy adventurer—that rebellion against a lawful ruler, and without a lawful cause, is sin—that I, whatever might be the morbid self accusation of the moment, had been striving in the cause which I deemed honest; and was, if guilty, guilty of misapprehension only, not of stubbornness or wilful wrong.

The scene, too, harmonized with my change of feelings; it was now bright and pleasant. The month was that sweetest of the year, young April; and as the winter had been of unusual severity and gloom, so had the opening of the spring been early and most genial. The woods were bursting into the tender verdure peculiar to the season; the herbage was already deep and richly fragrant. The country through which I rode was undulating and of exceeding beauty; and over all a brilliant moon was pouring that flood of sweet and tranquil lustre which, so much lovelier than the glare of the day light, softens every asperity of nature, and, making its very shadows soft and hazy, act as a gauzy veil to the features of a faded beauty, concealing all that is unlovely, and charming the eye in proportion as it excites the fancy.

No painter's glance or poet's heart could have selected a more lovely or romantic spot than that which chance had selected for our rude encampment. It was a long and gentle hill, subsiding gracefully and softly into a wide stretch of fertile meadow land, through which a broad rivulet lingered, as though its nymph were enamoured of some neighboring lawn or sylvan, and were therefore loath to quit his beautiful abodes. A shadowy wood on either hand, and frequent clumps of forest trees—still bare and leafless, or at the most in early bud, but interspersed with the fresh foliage of the willow and the hazel—spotting the hill-side, gave a park-like air to the untrimmed scenery. Along the summit of the hill, and through the imperfect screen of the wood-land, hundreds of white tents were glimmering in the moonlight; while here and there the rays came back, in a lurid reflection from the ruddy glow of some terrestrial fire.—The sounds, too, which floated on the night air, were blended and harmonized into sweetness by the effect of distance; the hum of conversation, the merry laugh, the quaint song of the campaigner—hoarse, doubtless, and indelicate from a nearer hearing—came pleasantly on the ear, and which mingled with the hooting of the owls, crying to each other, like answered sentinels, from their wind rocked fortress; and with the remoter barking of the household dog.

It is the peculiarity of such a scene and time to soften and subdue the soul, to win it from the storm and strife of humanity, to attune it to holier thoughts, to render it pensive affectionate, and melancholy; and, if its effects upon my spirit were not precisely these, they were not at least, widely or incongruously different. From latter anxiety concerning the future, and jealous doubtings of my own purity of deed and purpose, I fell into a soothing and a peaceful mood of hope! I slackened my pace; not that I was less eager to join my loved one, but that the rush of the horse, the current of air created by his speed, the very sounds of his swift motion, were painful and uncongenial. Still, I did not, as may be well believed, linger or hesitate upon the road; and, as I began to ascend the first pitch of the hill, I struck into a light canter, that brought me speedily to one of the entrances in the breastwork nearest to my pavilion, and guarded by the faithful Switzers of D'Erlach.

The following glorious sketch offers an excellent subject for the pencil of an artist, and will we trust be shortly embodied.

Before me was a picture that would have tasked and been superior to the powers of the mightiest master that ever limned the human form divine. Through a wide aperture in the canvass roof the calm soft moonlight streamed down gloriously, filling the small apartment with a sweet and mellow radiance; but it was upon my pallid bed that the broadest pensile of light was flung, as upon the calm angelic features of her who lay there, forgetful of all her sufferings, and all her sorrows. She was dressed, as I had seen her on that morning, in a plain robe of spotless white, the close corpse splendidly setting forth the symmetry of her person, and the long train falling carelessly over the edge of the couch. There was, however, one guardian, one vigilant and faithful guardian, watching over the piety of her whom he had so much contributed to rescue—the bloodhound Hector. Erect upon his haunches, he sat beside the bed, his head reaching far above the level of the pillow on which Isabella reposed, and his bright eye glancing in the moonlight like coals of fire, as he rolled them to and fro in search of a foeman or intruder. It was indeed a lovely group. Her beautiful chiselled features; the snowy lip closed, and the long lashes pencilling her pallid but transparent cheek, the profusion of sunny hair—freed from the restraints of the novical head-dress which they had compelled her to assume, and which now lay beneath my feet—glancing like threads of gold among its own dark shadows, her bosom rising and falling in the deep security of innocence; and, above all that still and almost terrible expression, that absence of all intellectual expression, that likeness of a larger and colder sleep, which has often pressed so chillingly on my heart, while gazing on the slumbering countenance of one I love. Her left hand fell easily across her lap, and the right was cast round the muscular and shaggy neck of the dark hound, as though she had sunk into repose while in the act of caressing her canine preserver.

BENJAMIN LUNDY.—This gentleman arrived at Wheeling, Pa. some time ago from Tennessee, on his way to the East. The following incident which occurred to him during its passage up the river, we find pleasantly related in late number of the Wheeling Gazette.

"It is pretty well known, we presume, that Mr. Lundy is poor, very poor; all his labor having been gratuitously directed, for at least twenty years past, to the melioration of the condition of the blacks in our country. The same amount of labor, expended in the acquisition of wealth, would have made him rich; but it is doubtful whether, in these twenty years, he has owned at any one time half a hundred dollars. So destitute of money was he on leaving Cincinnati, that he took a deck passage on the steam-boat, the price of which, it is known, is very inconsiderable on these waters. Short after leaving Cincinnati, the clerk of the boat went upon deck to enroll the names of the passengers. O Mr. Lundy's giving his, he asked, "What Lundy?" "Benjamin," was the reply. The clerk hastened on, and told Capt. Bennett that Benjamin Lundy was on board, a deck passenger!" "Show him to me," said the captain, springing from his state room. He was conducted to the deck, where he beheld the philanthropist seated on a box eating his lunch of bread and bacon. Advancing to him he said, "Mr. Lundy, you cannot remain on the deck of any boat that I command. Come with me, sir; you must eat at my table." He was accordingly conducted to the cabin, and introduced. The whole company rose to receive and shake hands with the good man. A young New-Yorker, on saluting him in his turn, said, "Mr Lundy, command my purse. If I have not enough with me, let me give you a draft on New York for any sum you may name." Mr. Lundy replied that he had very little money, it was true, and would not accept his kind offer as to take ten dollars. "Ten dollars!" said the generous New Yorker, 'You shall have it—nothing less than fifty.' Mr. Lundy peremptorily refused, but at length consented to accept of twenty dollars. And twenty dollars, we are free to say, were never more worthily bestowed. The whole scene is represented as having been one of great interest—very little of which can be imparted to this meagre relation."

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

It is expected that the Baltimore and Washington rail-road will be completed by the last of the present month.

An Aged Woman.—A black woman, by the name of Joice Heth, has been exhibited during the last week at the Masonic Hall in this city. She was the slave of Gen. Washington's father—as has been shown by certificates to that effect—and is *one hundred and sixty one years old.* She has a good memory—speaks of the birth of Washington—and sings a variety of hymns.

Master Bowers, of this city is at present fulfilling an engagement at the Park Theatre, New York. It appears he has made a decided *hit*—his performances having been received with shouts of applause.

A new paper has been established in this city, entitled the "*Mechanics' Journal and Trades' Union Advocate.*" We understand that it will be edited by an association of gentlemen, whose known abilities cannot fail to render it acceptable to those whose cause it is intended to advocate. Success to the enterprise.

Appointment by the Governor.

David Eyinge, Esq. as Interpretor in and for the state of Pennsylvania, in the French, German, Dutch, and English Languages. Mr. Eyinge lives in Christian street three doors below 6th street.

NEWSPAPER FOR SALE.—"The Borderer," published at Snow Hill, Md., is offered for sale. The establishment is said to be a profitable one, and worthy the attention of a practical printer of industrious habits.

The report in circulation that Dr. Francis Leiber is the editor of the Philanthropist, published in Philadelphia, is utterly without foundation. Dr. L. has recently been called to a professorship in the College of South Carolina, as the readers of this paper have already been informed.

A woman of respectable standing in

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Bicknell, publisher of the Reporter, Counterfeit Detector, and Prices Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 24, 1835.

ASHES			Sugar-house	42	46
Pot, 1st sort	4 75		do. N. York	46	50
Pearl, do.	5 00	5 06	do. Baltim'd	43	46
BUTTER			do. Steam	46	50
Tub	16		Trinidad	39	42
Ewing No. 1	12	12½	Porto Rico	31	32
No. 2			English French Isl.	33	35
No. 3	8	9	Havana & Matanzas	29	31
COAL			MACKEREL		
Lehigh,	ton	6 50 4 75	No. 1,	bbl	7 50 7 00
Schuylkill,		7 50 4 75	No. 2		7 00 6
COFFEE. Duty. free			No. 3		6 50 4 75
Java		14	OIL		
St. Domingo		11½	19	Linseed, Am. from	
Porto Rico		12	13	Boiled	1 25 1 28
Cuba		11½	13½	do. Dutch	1 25
Laguira		12½	13½	Whale, gal.	45 1 00
Rio		12½	13½	Sperm, winter	95 1 00
COTTON. Duty 3 cts per lb.				Tanners'	90
Louisiana		18	22	PLASTER PARIS	
Mobile		18	20	In Delaware, ton	2 62½
N. Ala. and Tenn.				In Schuylkill	2 50 2 75
S. C. and Geo.		18	21	RICE	
N. C. and Va.		18	21	Clover, bush	3 50 4 37½
FREIGHTS				Flaxseed, rough	1 90
To Pittsburgh, per cent.				do. clean, cask	
To Brownsville		2 25 3 00		Timothy, bush	1 50 2 75
FLOUR and MEAL				Herds, bush	
Baseline, bbl		6 75		Orchard grass,	2 00
Fine,		6 50		WHISKEY	
Fine,		6 75		Rye, bbls	38
Middling,		3 50 3 75		do. hhds	37
Corn meal,				do. from wagons	
do. in hhds.		20 00		WOOL	
GRAIN				Prime, Saxony, lbs.	
Rye Pennsylv.		1 00			55
Rye, Southern		97	98	Am. wash. full'd,	58
Wheat, Pennsylv.		1 45	1 47	do. coarse	50
do. South. red		1 40	1 45	do. mixed	37
Corn, L. I. white		98	97	do. fine	33
do. L. C. yellow		93		Am. unwash. full'd	25
do. L. C. round		1 00		do. mixed	23
Oats, Pennsylv.		58	56	do. blood	21
Southern		50	51	do. 3 and com.	18
Barley, Eastern				Super. pulled lambs	50
do. Tuscarora		59	60	do. do.	42
HOPS				No. 2. do.	30
Import. 1834, lbs		15	18	No. 3. do.	20
MOLASSES				Bon Ayres, R. F. & B.	
New Orleans,		24	25	do. lambs	25

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, July 25, 1835.

OUR OWN CITY.

It appears there are other men besides the *exquisite* Capt. Hall, who can see nothing to admire in our city of Brotherly Love. Observe what is said by the travelling correspondent of the Boston Journal.

"I cannot like Philadelphia. I have given it a fair trial, and many fair trials,—but I do not "cotton to" its stiffness, its precioseness, its coldness, its cold water washings, its white wooden window shutters, its everlasting red brick walls, unrelieved by any thing light or lively in the shape of Venetian blinds, verandahs, porticos, porches, or piazzas. It looks very well on a printed plan, but it is a very odd city in reality. And then its paved streets, innocent of Mc Adamization and gas light, its thousands of watch boxes for people to break their heads against at every corner, and its toleration of that disgusting nuisance of cigar-smoking, by men calling themselves gentlemen, in its streets at evening,—combine to render it far from delightful to me. It is true, there are the United States Bank, the Mint, the Fair Mount Water Works, and the new Exchange, to relieve all this someness and monotony: but I am constrained to confess that I consider the constant self gratulation and boasting of the Philadelphians upon the score of these attractions, as almost destructive of the pleasure to be derived from an examination of them.

Oh, William Penn! why didst thou ever think of locating a city, on the banks of the Delaware river? and more especially, why didst thou ever ordain that her streets should intersect each other at "*right angles?*" Depend upon, it thou hast much to answer for: this "*stiffness,*" this "*precioseness,*" is altogether unpardonable. What a glorious immortality would have been thine, hadst thou brought over with thee, on thy pilgrimage to this new world, some of the winding streets, and crooked alleys of the great English Metropolis! And what a pity it is, that we, thy perverse descendents, should continue to make use of "white wooden window shutters," or build our houses of "everlasting red brick," without having even taste enough to relieve the monotony with a solitary "Venitian blind," or "*portico,*" or "*porch,*" or "*piazza.*" By the way, what a delightful alliteration! And then, too, we must pave our streets in our own way, instead of that of the immortal McAdam's, (for the which we beg McAdam's pardon) and put up "*watch boxes*" at the corners of the streets; the latter of which, however, we think should not have been made a subject of complaint, inasmuch as it has been found necessary by our sage councils to "make and provide" a shelter for those whose duty it is to prevent *certain people* from "breaking their heads" *against the lamp-posts* at the "*witching time of night.*" *Finally, as to our gentlemen* smoking cigars, we have not a word to say in reply; we leave the matter to their own consciences, and the reproofs of Fanny Butler, who at least gives them the credit of being polite enough to put aside their cigars when a lady is passing. *This is something.*

AMERICAN LITERATURE.—Major Noah of the New York *Star, asks if we "shall forever depend upon Europe for the principal portion of our literary pleasures,"* and adds, in a somewhat heroic strain—"The father of waters as he charges with all his hosts upon the retreating billows of ocean, thunders—no! and Niagara, with all her world of waters, echoes and re-echoes that indignant, no!"

Without pausing to inquire what the waters of the Niagara have to do with American literature, we think the time has gone by when the question can be consistently asked. The reprints of American books in England, and the translations of American books into the French, German and Italian languages, are sufficient proofs, that Europe, in the respect, is as much dependant upon us, as we are upon Europe.—It has, however, become the fashion, now-a-days, for the editorial fraternity of this country to be habitually talking of the prejudices which, they say, are entertained by the English *literati* towards American authors; but the truth is, no such prejudices exist; the English press has awarded to American writers, all the praise which they deserve—all, indeed, which they could reasonably expect. Cooper, we will venture to say, is more popular in England than in America; and as to Irving, it was in England where he first acquired any substantial reputation as a man of letters, after having been almost literally compelled to abandon his own country, in consequence of there being no disposition to appreciate his labours. This is too often the way with us Americans. One of our countrymen becomes ambitious of authorship; he writes a book, and manages to procure its publication; it goes forth to the world, but it is an *American* book, and no one is willing to acknowledge that he has perused it; it is *so exceedingly unfashionable*, so excessively vulgar to read an American book; and the author, in despair, sets sail in the next packet for London, where, perchance, he is fortunate enough to make an *arrangement* with Murray, or Bentley, or somebody else, for the publication of another, and the next thing we hear of, is, that a copy of it was found on the toilet table of some Duchess, or Marchioness—no matter who, so that it is a titled personage, whose name is registered in the *Court Journal*—and then, we *fashionable* Americans—why, we are ready to break our necks until we, also, have possessed ourselves of a copy, which, under other circumstances, we would not have deigned to notice. And yet we are continually talking of English prejudices, while, if there is anything to be censured, it is our own narrow minded illiberality—our own reluctance in judging of a native author according to his merits, instead of waiting until he has acquired that reputation abroad, which we, in our selfishness, withheld from him at home.

BRIDGE ACROSS THE OHIO.—A company has been formed in Louisville, to construct a bridge over the Ohio river, from that city to Jeffersonville, Ia. The cost of the work is estimated at about $300,000. The citizens of Louisville alone, subscribed for two-thirds of the stock immediately upon opening the books.

EMIGRANTS.—*The New York Evening Star says,* "From the first of January to the first of July, the number of emigrants landed at this port alone, *is fourteen thousand six hundred and seventy-four*, and up to the present time may be computed at upwards of *fifteen thousand*; and as the winter months are generally unfavorable to emigration, we are safe in estimating the number which will arrive here in the year 1835, *at thirty thousand*. Of the late arrivals, we are informed by undoubted authority, that a greater portion of the emigrants were destitute, and required assistance almost upon their landing. Of the number arriving in various other parts of the Union, we have no means of ascertaining."

Unpopular as the subject may be among our thriving politicians, we cannot but think that the time has come when we should enact new alien laws.—The happiness and prosperity of our country will depend upon it.—*

LOVE IN A DILEMMA.

The Breach of Promise case still appears to occupy a large portion of public attention. Whether the law of the Republic is in any way connected with it, we will not venture to say, but it has at least became a matter of almost as much importance as Eugene Robertson's late balloon ascension from Mexico, upon which occasion the government issued orders that there should be a suspension of all business.

The plaintiff in the case, poor Barnard! seems to be getting the worst of the battle, notwithstanding the *quid pro quo* of ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS, which a Jury of twelve "good men and true," allowed him to pocket as an equivalent for his disappointment. The happiness of poor George has been converted into *gall*, and he can now only be compared to a traveller in the desert, where nothing has the power to soothe his sufferings. His case is indeed, a hard one; and sincerely would we sympathize with him, were it not that we are afraid of incurring the displeasure of the ladies. We confess we have no independence in this matter; their decisions must be implicitly obeyed. If they say *Mary H. Power* was in the *right*, why, it is a necessary inference that George G. Barnard was in the *wrong*—and there is an end of it.

Love, we all know, is a ticklish thing. It is certainly more easily felt than understood. The best definition we can find of it—and we have been at some trouble—is in Hudibras. He says,

Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles
In men as oft'n'ally as in charcoals.
But love in women, the poets have attempted to prove
Is entirely a different thing. It is, indeed, say they, her

——"whole existence; man may range
The court, the camp, church, vessel, and the mart,
Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange;
Pride, fashion, ambition, to fill up his heart;
And few there are whom these cannot estrange;
Men have all these resources, but women
Only love, although endose."

But this has nothing to do with the calamities of Mary H. Gaol, and George G. Barnard, between whom there appears to have been a courtship of more than five years, and therefore we must express the belief that there was some misunderstanding between the parties, for what, indeed, is so unchangeable as a woman's love? We may rail against the sex—we may talk of their inconstancy—we may accuse them of a want of fidelity; but after all, they furnish the only instances we have of true and unqualified devotion. When a woman once fixes her affections, she loves on the same through every change of time and circumstance. She may be slow in forming an attachment, because she knows that deceit and hypocrisy may lurk in every smile to betray her, but when it is formed, nothing can turn aside the current of her affections. The man whom she has chosen as the object of her love, will appear to her the dearer, in proportion as the voice of detraction is sounded abroad to defame or injure his character. She would sooner believe that the world itself was *false*, than that *he*, in whom she had reposed so much confidence—he, in whom she had garnered up her sweetest and best affections—was any thing else than the noble and high minded being which her *ardent fancy had always* depicted him. This may sometimes be her delusion—but it is a delusion creditable to her sex. It shews, at least, that she will not permit any sordid motive, or qualifying self-interest, to sway her decision. Woman is not indeed, the type of change which she is so generally represented: the snows of many winters may gather upon her head; the hand of time may furrow her cheek and wrinkle her brow; she may be weighed down in her desolate old age to the very dust; but even then, *in the midst of all her sorrows*, she has a heart that will beat as true and as fondly for him whom she has been accustomed to love, as in the very freshness and summer of youth. Away then, with those sweeping denunciations of a woman's fickleness—of a woman's inconstancy.

We have made the foregoing remarks, because, in the perusal of Miss Power's letters, she appears to have been perfectly pure and artless. When she had reason to doubt the affection of her wooer, she writes him a letter full of tenderness and endearment; she describes her almost insupportable anguish—entreats him to forgive her—and begs that she may once more reciprocate her love. If he could resist all this, we must confess he has nerves of a firmer texture than our own. It appears, however, that he yielded, but not with that amiable grace and condescension which it became him, and if there was any "*reasonable reason,*" to use the young lady's own words, for her subsequently pursuing the course she did, it was certainly because she observed—for the first time, perhaps, the shrewd and calculating policy which appeared to govern Mr. Barnard in this affair, and which, producing a doubt in her mind of his *real* attachment—made her resolve, hard as was the task, to blot him forever from her memory as an object unworthy of her love and esteem.

FASHIONABLE HATS.

How capricous are the fashions! A month ago, and it was worth a gentleman's reputation to be seen in the street without one of the Russian, broad-brimed, white hats, wherewithall (an old fashioned word, by the way) to ornament his head. Now, we believe, almost *everybody* wears them, and, of course, *everybody* who aspires to be *somebody*, (that is, a well dressed gentleman) must doff the white hat, and substitute the still newer fashion—a black one, differing only in colour, as it is of a similar shape and proportion.

The latter, we really admire; we think it becomes the wearer more than anything we have *ever seen*; and in addition to this they are likely, during the coming autumn and winter, to be generally adopted—especially among the *fashionables* who we know *generally* "rule the roast" in these matters.

In passing Flavius & Co.'s Hat store, 48 South Third street, a day or two since, we could not but admire their manufacture of the above article. We think they cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Their hats appear to be of a superior quality, and are finished in a style of neatness and elegance not to be surpassed. The public would do well to give them a call.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.—The following is a portion of a speech lately delivered by Daniel O'Connell, the Irish agitator, at an anti-slavery meeting held in Ireland.

"*The honorable and learned gentleman flung this black dishonor on the star-spangled banner of America; in vain did it wave over every sea, proclaiming the honor of the boasted Republic of modern times*—THOSE WHO FOUGHT UNDER IT WERE FELONS OF THE HUMAN RACE—(hear, hear,)—TRAITORS TO LIBERTY, TO THEIR OWN HONOR, AND BLASPHEMERS OF THE ALMIGHTY!! *The red arm of God,*" continued the honorable and learned gentleman, "*is bared; and let the enemies of those whom he died to save, the black Man as well as the white man, beware of its vengeance. The lightning careers through the troubled air resistless amid the howling of the tempest and the rolling of the thunder!!*"

THE time once was, when we believed Daniel O'Connell to be what he pretended, the dignified patriot and statesman. Opinions, like every thing else, are liable to be changed.

The old adage, "A friend in need, is a friend indeed," will be verified by those having occasion to employ the services of the Cockney Dr. Harrison, who advertises in a London paper, that he has been successful in several cases in bringing people to life who have met with the misfortune of breaking their necks. St. John Long may now hide his diminished head. If the Doctor was located in our city, he might do a profitable business during the continuance of the riots—provided, also, he could mend broken heads as well as necks.

THEATRICAL.—A Theatre has been opened for some time at Wilmington, Del., but with what success we are not informed. Miss Mary Duff was engaged for three nights, and made her first appearance in Bianca, in the tragedy of Fazio, or the Italian Wife.

After enumerating some of the numerous projects of internal improvement which are now in agitation in the Eastern States, the *Richmond Enquirer* remarks—

"Thus they go at the North! The strongest spirit of Internal Improvement is animating the whole Eastern Country. In 1827, there were but two rail roads in operation in the United States—the first was at Mauch Chunk—the other was the Quincy rail road, near Boston. So rare and curious was this mode of communication then considered, that Governor Kent of Maryland and his suite paid a visit to Boston, for the purpose of seeing the Quincy Rail road, preparatory to the commencement of the great Baltimore and Ohio Rail road. A Locomotive was not to be seen. But now Rail roads seem springing up by a sort of magic in *every* State of the Union. The small State of Illinois has now more rail roads laying down that belonged eight years ago to all the United States. Virginia too, is rousing from her *slumbers*—and shooting her rail roads and Canals in various directions. This is a stirring time—and merrily must we exert ourselves, to keep up with the progress of the age."

Beautiful Extract.—We find the following beautiful extract in one of our exchange papers, from *Reynolds' Voyage of the Potomac.* The work abounds with similar passages—graceful, spirited and eloquent.

SUN-SET AT SEA.

There are but few, perhaps, who have not experienced and *felt* the charms of evening, as the last golden beams of the setting sun cast a mild, mellow glow of mellowing light and shade on all around. It is not romance; there is a high wrought sympathy—a pure and holy feeling, which often passes over the mind in the contemplation of such a scene. We had enjoyed it on shore; but never dreamed that the ocean-roamed mariner was favored with aught so lovely. It was an evening when the troubled waters of the ocean had not wholly subsided from the effects produced by a heavy blow of several days. The sun was slowly declining in the west, making his passage through numerous silvery and golden clouds, which threw upon a bank of other dark vapours which were still hovering in the east, an appearance not unlike billows of fire, undulating like the sea beneath them.

"The sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
Now glanc'ed obliquely o'er the watery scene:
Its heaving surface, lovely to behold,
Glows in the west, a sea of living gold."
Falconer.

To the north and to the south rose masses of beautiful clouds of snowy whiteness, whose upper edges were tinged with gold; these changing into every form above, while the dark red tinge upon the water, or sparkling sea brownth, presented, altogether, a picture so beautiful, that language has not power to describe it; nor could the pencil command sufficiently varied colours, though dipped in the tints of the rainbow, and touched by the hand of a Raphael, to delineate the scene, or impart its beauties to the glowing canvas. None will call this language too strong except such as have not seen, and of course cannot appreciate, the grandeur of ocean's landscape, upon which the oldest and roughest sailor cannot look without a brighter countenance, and a silent but heartfelt acknowledgment of that Being "who stretcheth out the firmament, and holdeth the ocean in the hollow of his hand."

CROSSING THE ALPS.—The last New York Mirror contains Fay's account of his journey across the Alps. It is a most vivid and eloquent description of mountain scenery;—indeed, it forms a picture of itself; and a painter might transfer it to canvass with much fidelity, without any other aid. We make an extract for the gratification of our readers:

"Much as we talk of nature, there are places where we feel that our previous conceptions have been dim and narrow. He, who crosses the Alps will experience this sensation, mingled with a certainty, that thousands of painters and poets, and millions of others, less and die without even suspecting the power of scenery over the mind. Our journey across the Splugen was, to us, a day memorable forever. Our recollections are at grandeur—gloomy vastness—awful solitude—eternal sublimity. There were moments, during the ascent, of a kind strange and new to me. Whoever seeks something "new under the sun," if he has dwelt on a plain, let him ascend a *veritable mountain*, and he will find it. Awe, amazement, gloom, wonder and *rapture*, during which you cannot smile, combine to elevate you. The road winds up, and up—a solid stream, white with foam, thundering all day by its side—small slopes and cliffs, forests and vales—then a plain and a poor hut, or a ragged town and some beggars. You pause and rest; and then, again, up and up—winding and turning—sometimes through tremendous ravines—sometimes by magnificent waterfalls—sometimes along giddy and yawning gulfs—yet, still, always up and up. Then the face of the earth changes, and the grass fades nearly away, and the naked, everlasting rocks lift their grey backs through the soil.—The *tempests* of six thousand years have beaten against them. Now, the road steals through a desert of endless stones, broken and scattered about—now through a long, dark gallery, wet and dripping—now at the brink of a tremendous precipice, which your imagination would receive as the summit of any mountain; but, anon, the panting, toiling, sweating horses drag you around an angle of rock; and, lo! above you overhang other cliffs and other mountains in the sky; piles, swells and pyramids of snow and ice; and, so near their awful heights as to startle you, the whole line runs yet higher and higher, and you believe not that it is your path still above you—and yet it is. The earth is now totally changed. You wrap your heavy cloak around you in the biting cold. Dark clouds are rolling gloomily over your path, and the white snow shines beneath you, and the winter wind shakes solemnly the closed glasses of your carriage; and, as the road, still mounting and bending up and up, turns your face now to the right—now to the left—you catch, far below, such awful gleamings of sublime scenery—such dim, wild depths of azure—such forms of cold blue lifted and built up around you in the eternal silence, and shrouded in mist and storm, that your very soul is hushed and chilled, and you feel as if Death, the King of Terrors, had there fixed his home; and, were a *spectre* to stand in your path, or to lean and beckon to you from his car of rolling mist, you would behold him without starting, for your imagination can scarcely be more excited. A carnival, which, on Ascension, would draw all Europe to it as a fashionable resort, is here no curiosity. Its lonely thunder swells and dies away in the interminable Simplon. Twenty times we thought ourselves at the height of this stupendous road, and yet its zig-zag course appeared ever mounting far before us—up and up, till the cold grew extreme, and the darkness of night overlooked us; and we were completely lost and enveloped in heavy, wet clouds, rolling around us like a mighty ocean. * * * For a moment or two we were at a loss. Before us appeared only a brink, beyond which imagination painted a chasm of six or eight thousand feet. Gaspero stopped, and looked around, and we began to consider our resources for passing the night in the sky. At this moment a gust swept our path. The white clouds floated off, and displayed our road descending in sudden angles down, down indefinitely. Off we started, upon a trot, commuting ourselves to Providence. In little more than two hours, the roaring of the Rhone, through the village of *Splugen*, and the lights glimmering in the widows, announced our arrival; and we alighted, for the first time, at a *Swiss Inn.*"

From Bechtel's Reporter.

Banking Capital in the United States.—The following table, showing the amount of Banking capital of the various states of the Union, possesses considerable interest. We have compiled it from the last reports made to the several legislatures of the states, and it is proper for us to mention, that since these reports were submitted, several new institutions have been chartered—the Northern Bank of Kentucky, the Merchants Bank of Baltimore, the Charleston City Bank, &c., and that hence, in order to make the table complete, the reader should add the capital of all recently chartered banks. It will be perceived that the Banking capital of this state amounts to little more than *seventeen* millions, while in 1834, that of Massachusetts amounted to $29,209,450—and New York has more than thirty-one millions.

Maine,	2,726,000	Georgia,	8,034,691
N. Hampshire,	2,454,308	Alabama,	4,301,307
Vermont,	911,980	Mississippi,	11,000,000
Massachusetts,	29,209,450	Louisiana,	33,664,755
Rhode Island,	7,438,848	Tennessee,	5,349,827
Connecticut,	5,708,015	Kentucky,	10,000,000
New York,	31,481,460	Ohio,	5,986,623
New Jersey,	6,375,000	Indiana,	1,500,000
Pennsylvania,	17,084,444	Illinois,	1,700,0 0
Delaware,	2,000,000	Dt. of Columbia,	3,350,305
Maryland,	9,270,091	Florida,	1,000,000
Virginia,	5,674,500	Michigan,	2,250,000
North Carolina,	3,324,725		
South Carolina,	7,231,218		$219,250,549

On Monday of last week, the hands employed at the quarry of Mr. Harman Lydecker, situated under the high range of mountains, below Slaughter's Landing, in this county, were alarmed by the cry of murder! proceeding from a female voice, but were totally unable to discover the source from whence it came. At the same moment the crew of the sloop Henry Edward, which was passing down the river, saw something suspended at the side of the mountain resembling a female form. With commendable promptitude they immediately put about, dropt anchor, and jumping into the small boat, rowed to the shore. On arriving at the foot of the mountain, they found it to be a young girl, (aged about 16,) hanging by one foot in a cedar bush, about 100 feet from the base, and 60 feet from the top of the perpendicular rock. To reach her from the bottom was impossible, and providing themselves with a rope they hastened around to the top, from which they lowered it. The unfortunate girl was yet able to tie it around her waist, and by this means was drawn from her perilous situation, and rescued from impending and almost certain death. She proved to be Miss Phebe Wells, a niece of Mr. Benedict Wells, who had left his residence without the knowledge of his family, with a view of going to New York to see her friends. Unacquainted with the passage of the mountains, it is supposed, she was unaware of the danger, until she found herself descending the precipice, and the rock being perpendicular, her fall could only have been broken by the slight shrubbery which projects from the side of the cliff, until, luckily for her, she struck the cedar bush, to which her foot fortunately caught. Her situation here may be imagined, it cannot be described; hanging by one foot to a slender bush, and a yawning gulf of rocks and stones 100 feet below—unable to extricate herself, and for aught she knew, far beyond the reach of human call. It is not at all probable that in five hundred thousand cases, one could have passed the cliff she did, and not have been dashed to pieces long before reaching the bottom. She was not materially injured, and was conveyed to her friends in New York by the sloop Henry Edward, the Captain and crew of which are entitled to the highest commendations for their promptitude and humanity.—*North River Times.*

William Swaim of Philadelphia.—About twenty years ago, William Swaim, then a bookbinder was affected with a severe scrofulous disease, which baffled all the efforts of his physicians. He accordingly went to Boston, for the purpose of seeing the Quincy Rail road, preparatory to the commencement of the great Baltimore and Ohio Rail road. A Locomotive was not to be seen. But now Rail roads seem springing up by a sort of magic in *every* State of the Union. The small State of Illinois has now more rail roads laying down that belonged eight years ago to all the United States. Virginia too, is rousing from her *slumbers*—and shooting her rail roads and Canals in various directions. This is a stirring time—and merrily must we exert ourselves, to keep up with the progress of the age."

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.—Judge Story, in speaking of the late lamented Chief Justice Marshall, held the following appropriate language:—

It had been his (Judge S.'s) good fortune to be near him for 24 years, to know his thoughts intimately, and to enjoy with him the utmost freedom of communication; and he could not but add, that he was impressed with the depth of his (Justice Marshall's) feelings as a father, a husband, a brother and a friend—feelings more pure than he had thought could have existed in the bosom of any human being. He labors were eminently directed to the preservation of the constitution, and of the Union. His admirable mind had no desire to expand the constitution beyond its just limits. He endeavored to give to that instrument the construction which he, better than any other man, knew was entertained by its framers; and to express the thoughts which belonged to their minds. As an expounder of constitutional law, he had conferred lasting honour on his country. He had shed an inextinguishable glory around his high office,—a glory which would brighten as time rolled on. Such a man should die as he had died—like a shock of wheat fully ripe,—preserving all his glorious faculties to the last. During the last winter, when laboring under the disease which has since proved fatal to him, he had been ardent and constant in all his duties, evincing all his ordinary intelligence, and wonderful comprehensiveness of judgment. He (Judge S.) believed the last thought this venerable man ever breathed was for his country, and the perpetuity of the Union. Let them then be comforted that Providence, in taking him from them, had taken him at such a period of his life. Judge Story concluded by directing the clerk to enter the resolutions upon the records of the court.

MICHIGAN.

The Detroit Free Press of the 1st inst. contains "the entire Constitution of the State of Michigan," as adopted by the Territorial Convention at Detroit. We annex the second article.

1. In all elections, every white male citizen above the age of twenty-one years, having resided in the state six months next preceding any election, shall be entitled to vote at such election; and every white male inhabitant of the age aforesaid, who may be a resident of this state at the time of the signing of this constitution, shall have the right of voting as aforesaid; but no such citizen or inhabitant shall be entitled to vote, except in the district, county, or township in which he shall actually reside at the time of such election.

2. All votes shall be given by ballot, except for such township officers as may, by law, be directed to be otherwise chosen.

3. Electors shall, in all cases, except treason, felony or breach of the peace, be privileged from arrest during their attendance at elections, and in going to and returning from the same.

4. No elector shall be obliged to do militia duty on the days of election, except in time of war or public danger.

5. No person shall be deemed to have lost his residence in this state by reason of his absence on business of the United States, or of this state.

6. No soldier, seaman, or marine, in the army or navy of the United States, shall be deemed a resident of this state in consequence of being stationed in any military or naval place within the same.

The eleventh article is to this effect,—

Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall ever be introduced into this state, except for the punishment of crimes of which the party shall have been duly convicted.

An Æronaut in a blaze of glory.—If ever mortal man was immersed in honours, Mr. Eugene Robertson is the man. There is a long and interesting description in the New Orleans Commercial Bulletin of his ascension from the city of Mexico, taken from his own narrative and the journals of that city. General orders were issued by the government for the suspension of all business, and the inhabitants turned out en masse to witness his ascension, the first ever made in that part of the world. It took place from the paseo de toros, where 15000 persons of the upper classes had congregated. The President ad interim, of the republic, the magistrates of the city, the professors of the college of Mines, and dignitaries of all characters were present. When the balloon ascended, the air was rent with shouts of long live Robertson, long live the aeronaut, long live France and the French people, while the ladies dear souls, wept torrents of tears. This however was but the beginning of the honours showered upon the Frenchman. He descended about seven leagues from the city of Mexico. The authorities of that city despatched detachments of soldiers into the part of the country where it was supposed he had descended, and numerous parties of citizens set out with the view of escorting him home. While on his way to Mexico he passed through Kalpare, distant about four leagues from that city. The ladies of the place requested permission to present him with garlands and wreaths of flowers, and the authorities prepared a sumptuous feast for him. A coach and six had been despatched from Mexico to convey him to that city, and a detachment of dragoons formed his escort. As he approached the city of Mexico, he was met by a grand cavalcade, and a long array of carriages. When the triumphal car arrived at the city, it was preceded by twelve guards to clear the streets of all obstacles that might impede the procession. The inhabitants from terraces and the doors and windows of their houses, saluted him with enthusiastic cheers. He was escorted to the palace where the President and principal officers were waiting to receive him. Thence he went to the College of Mines where he had a splendid collation with the professors of that institution, and afterwards was feasted in public. In the evening he was escorted to the theatre by a large concourse of citizens. When he arrived there, the audience rose to cheer him, and insisted that he should show himself on the stage. The curtain was raised and he made his "first appearance," accompanied by the manager, who recited a piece of poetry in his praise. He was then escorted into the private boxes of the folks, and Countesses and Marchionesses—for it seems they have these things in Mexico—introduced him with sweet speeches. The public prints were for a number of days filled with sonnets and odes to his honor, and there was a strife among the Mexican poets as to who should be most hyperbolical in his praise.

He received not only empty praise, but solid pudding, having cleared about twenty thousand dollars by his lighter-than-air experiment. We have told this long story by way of showing to the "native talent," which has lately wasted itself on the desert air in ballooning, that there is a fair field in Mexico for its exercise. Let our balloon men emigrate. They may rely upon it, that they are not properly appreciated here. What a great man would Sam Patch have made himself, if he had performed in Mexico.

WASHINGTON IRVING.—We are pleased with the following remarks, which we copy from a late number of the National Gazette, in relation to the genius and writings of our distinguished countryman, Washington Irving. They do credit to the taste and feelings of the editor.

"Who is like him, and whom is he like? With all that eagerness for imitating authors whose works have obtained the greatest vogue, which characterises the present age, where are his imitators? and who is the author, living or dead, whom he can be said to have imitated? The fact is that his principal qualities cannot be copied in the way that those of many of his literary conquers have been—it were vain for any one to attempt to ape his humour and pathos; such is too peculiarly *sui generis* to afford any chance of success to an ordertor of the kind. And as to the resemblance, his works may bear its some respect to those of Addison and Goldsmith, it is but the consequence of a kindred genius, while they are distinguished and individualised by traits especially their own."

Mr. O'Connell's opinion of his countrymen in the United States.—Mr. O'Connell, at a late meeting of the Anti-Savery Society of London, speaking of the Irish in this country, who do not advocate as he does the fanatic doctrine of abolition, says of them:

"He was glad such Irishmen had left their own country. They were amongst the objects of the curse of St. Patrick, who had banished all poisonous and venomous reptiles from the soil of Ireland. The learned member for Dublin then in an eloquent manner, expressed his abhorrence of America, which professed the most enlarged principles of liberty, refusing to emancipate 2,000,000 of human beings from the degradation and horrors of slavery. The star-spangled banner of America was stained with Negro blood. They refused their slaves even the blessings of education, they enchained their bodies, and they would also enchain their souls. If they suffered this horrible system to continue they would write themselves liars to their own declaration. He would proclaim them from the place on which he then stood, blasphemers of their God, and what some of them might think of still greater consequence violators of their sacred honor."

TRENTON, N. J., July 11.—The large new saw mill of Messrs. Fish, Cook & Co.—the new saw mill of Messrs. Maynard & Hutchinson—and an extensive paper mill fitted up by Mr. Davidson, all commenced running during the past week. These events form new items in our account of improvement. In the course of September, the large oil mill, now being erected by Mr. Joseph Moore, it is expected will go into operation; and about three months after the capacious merchant mill, being built by the same enterprising gentlemen, will be under way. In addition to these gratifying evidences of prosperity, we learn that our city has attracted the attention of capitalists and speculators abroad, whose visits usually follow closely the first sure pecuniary symptoms of an increase of business in a neighborhood.—Some heavy sales have been made within the past two days; the most important of which is the disposition of Daniel W. Coxe, Esq., of all his building lots, mills, in the adjoining village of Bloomsbury, for $50,000. The purchasers are a company of gentlemen residing in New York. Notwithstanding speculation, however, building lots may still be had at low prices, and sites and water power, the unrivalled advantage of their locality considered, are here selling now at more reasonable rates than any where else in the Union. How long they will be rated so cheaply we cannot say.

Simple Means of Preserving Health.—The public health would be greatly promoted, and nine-tenths prevented or cured, by washing the head daily with vinegar and water. One part vinegar to three parts of water should be applied to the head with a sponge. All schools, public and private, large families, and persons of sedentary habits, ought to use this simple and cheap remedy, which, besides preventing or eradicating all diseases of the skin, will be found to impart a beautiful and healthy hue to the most delicate complexion.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

July 17, received from

George Boggs,	$57 78	Henry Schmidt,	2 00
J. J. Harrod,	2 00	James Herring,	2 00
A. F. Woodward,	2 00	Oliver Brisbin, Esq.	3 00
Merlin Merrill,	2 00	A. Brockway, Esq.	5 00
Elias Palmer,	1 00	W. J. Cole, Esq.	5 00
C. C. Waller, Esq.	2 00	S. Grace, Esq.	2 00
S. Prescott, Esq.	3 00	Ethan Alling, Esq.	2 00
J. Stow, Esq.	3 00	H. Bartlett, Esq.	2 00
Merlin Collins, Esq.	2 00	W. W. Thrasher, Esq.	6 00
H. S. Reaker, Esq.	4 00	W. Foulke, Esq.	10 00
J. G. Caldwell, Esq.	10 00	S. Dickson, Esq.	24 00
W. W. Wood, Esq.	2 00	E. Laughead, Esq.	5 00
July 18.		D. B. Wheeler, Esq.	2 00
Chris. C. Scott,	2 00	*July 21.*	
Elias Dewitt,	2 00	Hanna Millison,	1 00
Daniel C. Hays,	3 00	Guy H. Bell, Esq.	5 00
J. H. Wallace,	5 00	W. Hanks, Esq.	1 00
John S. Rollins,	2 00	James Wells, Esq.	10 00
Revile Fuller,	1 00	C. F. Hammond, Esq.	2 00
N. Harvey, Esq.	5 00	M. Russell, Esq.	15 00
T. Fisher, Esq.	5 00	*July 22.*	
V. M. Long, Esq.	5 00	D. F. McCrory	2 00
R. Robeson, Esq.	1 25	R. F. Worthington,	5 12
B. S. Stivers, Esq.	1 00	R. McClure, Esq.	81 00
July 20.		Henry Manly,	96 50
J. W. Trumbull,	32 00	*July 23.*	
Samuel Linton,	5 00	A. H. Wood,	20 00
Shepard Garbutt,	5 00	W. H. Sherrett,	10 00
George C. Gobin,	2 00	S. Newberry, Esq.	2 00
A. S. James,	2 00	J. K. Place, Esq.	2 00

COMMUNICATED.

Died at Salem, N. J., on the 15th instant, ELIJAH SACOMA, Esq., formerly editor and proprietor of the Salem Messenger. Mr. Brooks, we believe, is from the state of New Hampshire and located himself at Salem about 15 years since, an entire stranger, where he established the Salem Messenger, the first paper that fully succeeded in that flourishing town—by constant, quiet industry and strict integrity he received the richest confidence and support of its inhabitants—but through the vicissitudes of fortune, and a fatal disease he has early been called from all that was near and dear to him. This small tribute of respect is humbly made by one that knew him to prosperity and adversity, and respects his memory.

Forgery.—A man named Henry Wilbur was last night arrested in Spring street by officers Stevenson and Tompkins, on a charge of forgery. It appears that Wilbur was in the habit of purchasing empty champaigne bottles of innkeepers, and selling them to Messrs. Maintain & Wright, extensive dealers in bottled cider, at the corner of Southand Beekman streets. Attached to their establishment is a bottling cellar, under the charge of a man named Cornelius Sullivan, where the bottles to be sold were taken, and where the seller received a ticket of acknowledgement. This the seller carried to the store, and on presenting it received his money. Wilbur,

MY AUNT.

My aunt has many queer notions,
She never butters her bread;
She declares that the Bulwer novels
Are things not fit to be read;
She thinks that to flirt is a crime—
And especially with youth;
And she thinks the "Paradise Lost,"
Is every syllable truth.

My aunt has got to her spectacles,
Though without them she sees well enough;
She is very well versed in politics,
And thinks your poetry stuff;
She imagines that all the clergymen
Are as wise as wise can be;
She thinks that Pope is no poet—
But there she agrees with me.

She dreams she can tell the mark that is left
On my cousin's lips by a kiss;
And of all her antic theories
I am sure not to meddle with this;
She might tell the track of a bird through the air,
Or the track of a ship on the sea—
On the viewless heart, not the visible lip,
The stamp of a kiss will be!

Can she Spin?—A young girl was presented to James I. as an English prodigy, because she was deeply learned. The person who introduced her boasted of her proficiency in ancient languages.—"I can assure your Majesty," said he, "that she can both speak and write Latin, Greek, and Hebrew." "These are rare attainments for a damsel," said James; "but pray tell me, can she spin?"

A Chip of the Old Block.—Charles Mathews being asked what he was going to do with his son, (the young man's profession was to be that of an architect) —"Why," answered the comedian, "he is going to *draw houses* like his father."

Schoolmaster Wanted.—The following is a literal copy of a letter lately sent to a medical gentleman: *Cer*—You oblige of yole kom un ce me I hav a Bad howd ake Hill in my Bow Hills and hey hev lost my Happy Tight.

Con. by a Peer.—Why are a miser's *fingers* like a proviso; Give it up? Because they are the *saving clause.*

A waggish candidate coming in the course of his canvass to a tailor's shop. "What we look for here," said he, "are measures, not men."

Borrowing.—"My marm wants to know if your marm will lend my marm your marm's pick-axe to make our hog a pen coop?" "Oh, certainly—and when you go home just ask your mother if she'll be kind enough to lend us a keg of that firkin butter she bought to-day, that's a nice little man; and just clean us a mess of them pouts and eels that your father caught this afternoon, and bring them down with the butter, my dear—and I'll certainly give you the first bright cent I find in the ashes." "I guess on the whole," said the boy, "we shan't want that pick-axe of yourn."—*Dedham Patriot.*

RIDGWAY AND GIRARD were engaged in some speculation together, which caused a rupture between them, and excited very angry feeling. In a passion Mr. R. declared he could buy and sell Girard! "Yes, by gar," said Girard, "if you *did* buy me, you would *have* to sell me; *but I can buy and keep you!*" Mr. R. felt his impotence in such a struggle, with *such* a man; and with chagrin, illy concealed turned upon his heel and left the great money king.

A shrewd little fellow belonging to the New York Institution for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, being asked at an exhibition, "Why do you come here?" replied, "In my opinion, we have come here to make a show, and get praise."

A layman in Providence, who occasionally exhorted at evening meetings, thus expressed his belief in the existence of a Deity:—Brethren—I am just as confident that there is a Supreme Being as I am that there is flour in Alexandria; and that I know for a certainty, as I yesterday received from there a lot of three hundred barrels, fresh, superfine, which I will sell as low as any person in town."—*Alb. Daily Ads.*

Settling Coffee.—Not long since, on board one of our Lake boats, through the neglect of the cook, the coffee came on the table unsettled, to the great annoyance of those who preferred coffee to tea. During the repast, an old gentleman in conversation with the captain, observed that he was much amused coming up the North River; after landing at Coxsackie, the Darkee came around raging his bell; "Gentleman who come on board at Coxsackie, please step up to the captain's office and settle." "A good idea," quoth a wag at the far end of the table; "I say, waiter, take this coffee up to the captain's office."—*Louisa. Times.*

ANECDOTE OF THE REVOLUTION.

Almost every one is acquainted with the circumstances of the taking of General Prescott, the then commanding officer of the British forces on Rhode-Island, by Capt. Barton, of Providence. He was exchanged for General Lee, who was previously captured by the British.

Shortly after his exchange he returned to Rhode Island, and was invited to dine on board the Admiral's ship, with many other officers of the highest grade.—General Prescott was naturally a haughty imperious man, and as a commander, was very unpopular with his officers and soldiers, and with the citizens of Newport, but was a brave and skilful officer.

It was often the case that boys as well as men were sent from the town on board the Admiral's ship for any offence, and confined there for some time, by the arbitrary authority of those in power. Martial Law was the law of the place. A small lad about 13 years of age was placed in this situation, previous to General Prescott's return, and was on board, with many others, at the time the General dined there. He did not know General Prescott.

After dinner the wine circulated freely, and a toast and a song were repeatedly called for. In the course of the evening the first Lieutenant observed to the Admiral, who was a real jolly son of Neptune, that there was a yankee lad on board who would shame all their singing."

"Bring him up here," says Prescott. The boy was accordingly brought into the cabin. The Admiral called on him to give them a song. The little fellow being somewhat intimidated by gold-laced coats, epaulets, &c., replied, "I can't sing any songs but yankee songs." The Admiral perceiving that he was embarrassed, ordered the steward to give him a glass of wine, saying, "come, my little fellow, dont be frightened, give us one of your yankee songs." General Prescott spoke in his usual haughty imperious manner "you d—d young rebel, give us a song, or I'll give you a dozen." The Admiral interfered and assured the lad that he should be set at liberty the next day, "if he would give them a song, any one he could recollect."

The following doggerel, written by a sailor of Newport, was then given, to the great amusement of the company.

"Twas on a dark and stormy night
The winds and waves did roar,
Bold Barton then with twenty men
Went down unto the shore.

And in a whale-boat they set off
To Rhodes' Island fair,
To catch a red-coat General
Who then resided there.

Through British fleets, and guard boats strong,
They held their dang'rous way,
Till they arrived into the port;
And then did not delay.

A inwny son of Afric's race
Them through the ravine* led,
And entering then the Overing-house†
They found him in his bed.

But to get in they had no means,
Except poor Cuffee's head,
Who beat the door down, then rush'd in,
And seiz'd him in his bed.

Stop, let me put my breeches on,
The Gen'ral then did pray,
Your breeches, Massa, I will take,
For dress we cannot stay.

Then through pye srubble him they led,
With shoes and breeches none,
And placed him in their boat quite snug,
And from the shore were gone.

Soon the alarm was sounded loud,
The Yankees they have come,
And stolen Prescott from his bed,
And him they've carried home.

The drums were beat, sky rockets flew,
The soldiers shouldered arms
And march'd around the grounds they knew,
Till'd with most dire alarms.

But through the fleet, with muffled oars,
They held their devious way,
And landed him on Gannet shores,‡
Where Britain held no sway.

When unto the lad they came,
Where rescue there was none,
"*A d—d bold push*," the Gen'ral said,
"*Of pris'ners, I am one.*"

There was a general shout of all the company during the whole song, and at the close, one who was a prisoner on board at the time, observed, he "thought the deck would come through with the stamping and cheering."

General Prescott joined most heartily in the merriment. Throwing his hand into his pocket, he handed the boy a guinea, saying, "here you young dog is a guinea for you." The boy was set at liberty the next morning.

This anecdote is often related by an aged gentleman now living in Newport.

*There is a deep ravine leading from the shore to the house which was occupied by General Prescott.

†Mr. Overing was a Tory and owned the house in which General Prescott resided.

‡He was landed on Narragansett shore near Warwick.

DEER GRAZING.

The stag is the most beautiful of the deer kind, if we take into consideration the elegance of his form, the lightness of his motions, the flexibility of his limbs, and his bold branching horns, which have three antlers, all curving upwards, the summit forming a crown of snags, from a common centre. His eyes are large, bold, and expressive, and are furnished with lachrymal sinuses; the fur is reddish-brown in summer, and brownish-gray in winter; the hind quarters are of a pale buff.

It is said that formerly the horns of stags grew into a much greater number of ramifications than at the present day; this is attributed by some to the greater profusion of food, and from the animal having more repose, before population became so dense. In some individuals, these multiplied to an extraordinary extent. There is one in the Museum of Horse Cossel, with twenty-eight antlers. Cuvier mentions one of sixty-six, or thirty-three on each horn. This stag was killed by the first king of Prussia. The stag begins to shed his horns in the latter part of February, or beginning of March, when he retires to thickets, and remains till the horns are completely restored. Soon after the old horns have fallen off, a soft tumour begins to appear, which is quickly covered with a velvet-like substance. From this, every day little buds shoot forth, like the grafts of a tree, and, rising by degrees, spring out the antlers on each side; the skin continues to cover it for some time, and is furnished with blood-vessels, which supply the growing horn with nourishment, and occasion the furrows observable in them when the covering is stripped off. When the horns are full grown, they acquire strength and solidity, and the velvet covering, or skin, with its blood-vessels, dries up, and begins to fall off; which is facilitated by the animal rubbing them against trees The hind is gravid eight months and some days, and produces a single fawn, in May or June.

The full-grown stag is from three feet six inches to four feet high at the shoulders, and the horns rise nearly three feet above the head. He is said to be very long-lived; but late observation limits the period of his existence to twenty years.

The stag inhabits every part of Europe except Lapland; he is not rare in several parts of England and Scotland, and is met with in a wild state in Ireland. Stag hunting has been a favourite pastime from remote antiquity. He is a strong animal, capable of running a long time, and of making stout defence when overtaken. In Britain, large tracts of land were anciently set apart for making forests to shelter stags, and even villages and sacred edifices were destroyed, and converted into a wide waste. In the reigns of William Rufus and Henry I. it was considered more criminal to kill a beast of chase than a human being.

Anecdotes. Among the varied, novel, and diversified experiments of sporting nature, performed by the late Lord Oxford, perhaps none was more eccentric than his determination to drive four red deer stags in a phaeton, instead of horses; and these he had reduced to perfect discipline for his excursions and short journeys on the road; but, unfortunately, as he was one day driving to New-Market, their ears were seduced with the cry of a pack of hounds, which, soon after crossing the road in the rear, caught scent of the "four in hand," and commenced a new kind of chase with "breast-high" alacrity. The novelty of this scene was rich beyond description. In vain did his lordship exert all his charioteering skill; in vain did his well-trained grooms energetically endeavour to ride before him; reins, trammels, and the weight of the carriage, were of no effect, for they went with the celerity of a whirlwind. Luckily, his lordship had been accustomed to drive this set of "fiery-eyed steeds" to the Rem Inn, at New-Market, which was most happily at hand, and to this his most fervent prayers had been ardently directed. Into the yard they suddenly bounded, to the consternation of hostlers and stable boys, who seemed to have lost every faculty but that of amazement. Here they were luckily overpowered, and the stags, the phaeton, and the driver, were all instantaneously huddled together in a barn, just as the hounds appeared in full cry at the gate.

Some years since, a stag, which had afforded Lord Derby's hounds a fine run, leaped a boarded gate into a gentleman's grounds with a spiked roller on the top of it, the height of the gate and roller being eight feet four inches. What made this great feat of animal power more remarkable, the deer was apparently run down at the time, with the hounds snatching at his haunches as he came down the road from whence he took the leap.

Pleasures of Travelling.—As there is a large class of our readers who are precluded by business or some other awkward circumstance, such as a light purse or having notes to pay for instance, from enjoying the imaginary delight of visiting West Point, the Mountain House, Saratoga Springs, Niagara Falls, the White Mountains, Nahant, and the Sea Serpent, we have determined to administer to them all the consolation in our power. For this purpose we have been at great pains to make a collection of all the miseries attending the search after pleasure, with the benevolent view of reconciling those fortunate people who think themselves very unfortunate in being confined to a comfortable home and an agreeable domestic circle, of their fate.

First. Raising the wind, by going to a broker and paying a premium of one or two per cent a month for money. Borrowing it of a friend under the high pressure of great doubts whether we shall ever be able to pay him—or appropriating what fairly belongs to the tailor, to travelling expenses. N. B. Many people are so used to these modes that they don't mind it; but very particular persons like our worthy readers, who are obliged to stay at home, have conscientious scruples.

Second. Getting up two or three hours before one's usual time; dressing in a great hurry, trundling off to the steamboat and when we get there, finding our trunk has dropped off from behind the carriage and losing our passage for that day.

Third. Waiting with infinite impatience for breakfast, and finding the tables all full, when we get down into the cabin. Going up again and soliacing our melancholy by reading a new novel and coming too late for the second table—at last sitting down between two hardened villains as hungry as wolves, who take toll from every dish within reach—stick their knife and fork into fish, flesh and fowl indiscriminately, and while gazing in astonishment at their trencher feats, to discover all at once that the table has been cleared away, by the Doctor Pedro Portive Snatchaways of the steamboat.

Fourth. Having a wretch switch away your trunk for safe keeping, and when you want to go ashore not being able to find the fellow or your trunk, by which means you lose your passage in the stage, to the Springs, and are obliged to *here* a whole day in Albany, sighing at the jokes of mine host of the Eagle.

Fifth. Arriving at Saratoga and getting lodgings among the fashionables—being shut up in a seven by nine room, opening on a large passage common to the whole house, and never quiet day or night—getting up at six in the morning and groping your way through a fog to the spring, and drinking water till your head is like to split into atoms, under pretence of its being good for your health—getting no sleep except in the day time—getting no body to admire or fall in love with you—getting no partner in the dance—getting tired to death—and getting into a stage to go somewhere else to be equally tired.

Sixth. Riding on a rail-road, which is nearly equivalent to riding on a rail; or being crowded on a hot day in a steamboat with eight or nine hundred people—arriving at Albany in a heavy shower after dark, and set adrift to look for lodgings—finding them at last in a little room six stories high and as hot as purgatory. Roasting all night and thinking of a comfortable bed at home.

Seventh. Breaking down in the stage—having a horse knocked up or getting the blind staggers half a dozen miles from a tavern, raining pitchforks all the time—swearing at the driver, his horse, his master, and consigning the whole concern to kingdom—finally, being obliged to put up with the whole matter, and having the consolation that you have sworn a great deal to no purpose, and got into a passion for nothing.

Eighth. Being obliged to eat a dinner at some infernal rural village, got up in the true spirit of rustic cookery, achieved by an article who roasts meats to a cinder, butters it to fanaticism, and forcibly reminds you of the old proverb about the devil sending cooks, &c.

Ninth. Travelling so fast from one place to another, that you remember nothing of the country though which you pass; getting up before daylight and riding after dark—arriving at the hotel late—eating a huge supper—going right to bed, getting the nightmare and dreaming of being smothered in onions.

Tenth. Scraping acquaintance with an exceedingly polite gentleman with a travelled air, and paying with your pocket book, for the honour of his company—or getting very thick with a fellow just out of the State Prison—or being seized by the button by a politician, who insists upon your arguing the question of the tariff and internal improvements—or what is worse than all, being beleaguered by a villain with his head full of canals and rail-roads, whose tongue goes faster than a locomotive, and yet never arrives at the end of its journey.

Eleventh. Fleas—bugs—musquitoes—leather beds —equivocal sheets—cracking bedsteads—dirty waiters —dusty roads—lame horses—supernumerary stages—drunken drivers—meat swimming in grease—new whiskey—sour wine—sweet vinegar—heavy bread—muddy coffee—oily butter—tough mutton—tough chickens—tough waiters and tough landlords—rainy days, weather bound at the tavern with nothing but the almanac, the book of martyrs with horrible wood cuts, or an old country newspaper, to pore over—and every now and then tantalized with a clear prospect of clear weather, winding up with a pelting shower—sitting on the top of a canal boat and being knocked over by a bridge—to be thrown, in short out of all your usual habits, deprived of all your accustomed comforts, debarred from all your favorite amusements and occupations—to lose your time and spend your cash to no purpose—to be tired to death, bored to death, and worried to annihilation—to have no comfort abroad—and to return home with a full conviction of the truth of the old proverb, about "a fool and his money." Heaven and earth!—who would be a traveller that had any other home than an Indian's hut or a Laplander's cave, and any other mode of killing time except hanging himself!

ROYAL DINNER PARTIES.

The following is an account of the manner in which Peter the Great entertained dinner parties, found in a manuscript of Dr. Birch, among the Sloane papers in the British Museum:—

"There are twenty-four cooks belonging to the kitchen of the Russian court, who are all Russians; and as the people of that nation use a great deal of onion, garlic, and train oil in dressing their meat, and employ linseed and walnut oil for their provisions, there is such an intolerable smell in their kitchen, that no stranger is able to bear it—especially, the cooks being such nasty fellows, that the very sight of them is enough to turn one's stomach. These are the men who in great festivals, dress about seventy or eighty or more dishes. But the fowls which are for the Tzar's own eating, are very often dressed by his grand marshal, Alsethof, who is running up and down, with his apron before him, among the other cooks, till it is time to take up dinner, when he puts on his fine clothes and his full bottomed wig, and helps to serve up the dishes. The number of the persons invited is commonly two or three hundred—though there is room for no more than about a hundred, at four or five tables. But as there is no place assigned to any body, and none of the Russians are willing to go home with an empty stomach, every body is obliged to seize his chair and hold it with all his force, if he will not have it snatched from him. The Tzar, being come in, and having chosen a place for himself, there is such scuffling and fighting for chairs, that nothing more scandalous can be seen in any country—though the Tzar does not mind it in the least, nor care for putting a stop to such disorder, pretending that ceremony and the formal regulation of a carnival, make company eat uneasy, and spoil the pleasure of conversation. Several foreign ministers have complained of this to the Tzar, and refused to dine any more at court. But all the answer they got, was, that it was not the Tzar's business to turn master of the ceremonies and please foreigners, nor was it his intention to abolish the freedom once introduced. This obliged strangers for the future to follow the Russian fashion in defending the possession of their chairs, by cuffing and boxing their opposer. The company thus sitting down to table without any manner of grace, they all sit as crowded together, that they have much ado to lift their hands to their mouths. And if a stranger happens to sit between two Russians, which is commonly the case, he is sure of losing his stomach, though he should have eaten nothing before for two days. Carpenters and shipwrights sit next to the Tzar, but ministers, senators, generals, priests, sailors, buffoons of all kinds, sit pell-mell, without any distinction. The first course consists of nothing but cold meats, among which are pawa, dried tongues, and the like, which not being liable to such tricks as shall be mentioned hereafter, strangers ordinarily make their whole meal of them, without tasting anything else, though, generally speaking, every one takes his dinner before hand, at home.

Soups and roasted meats make the second course and pastry the third. As soon as one sits down, one is obliged to drink a cup of brandy; after which they ply you with great glasses full of adulterated tokay, and other vitiated wines, and between whiles a bumper of the strongest English beer, by which mixture of liquors every one of the guests is fuddled before the soup is served up. The company being in this condition, make such a noise, racket, and hollowing, that it is impossible to hear one another, or even the music which is playing in the next room, consisting of a sort of trumpets and cornets, and with this revelling noise and uproar the Tzar is extremely diverted, particularly if the guests fall to boxing and get bloody noses. Remember the pocket napkins given them; but instead of it, they had a piece of very coarse linen given them by a servant, who brought with the whole piece under his arm and cut off half an ell for every person, which they were at liberty to carry home with them, for it had been observed that these pilfering guests used constantly to pocket the napkins. But at present two or three Russians must make shift with but one napkin, which they pull and haul for, like hungry dogs for a bone. Each person of the company has but one plate during dinner, so if some Russian does not care to mix the sauces of the different dishes together, he pours the soup that is left in his plate, either into the dish, or into his neighbour's plate, or even under the table; after which he licks his plate clean with his finger, and last of all wipes it with the table cloth. The tables are each 30 or 40 feet long and but two and a half broad. Three or four messes of one and the same course are served up to each table. The desert consists of divers sorts of pastry and fruits, but the Tzarina's table is furnished with sweetmeats. However, it is to be observed, that these sweetmeats are set out only on great festivals for a show, and that the Russians of the best fashion have hardly ever any other desert, but the produce of the kitchen garden, (as peas, beans, &c.) all raw. At great entertainments it frequently happens that nobody is allowed to go out of the room from noon till midnight. Hence it is easy to imagine what a pickle a room must be in that is full of people who drink like beasts and none of them escape being dead drunk. They often tie eight or ten young mice on a string, and bide them under green pease, or in such soups as the Russians have the greatest appetite to, which sets them a kicking and vomiting in a most beastly manner, when they come to the bottom and discover the trick. They often bake cats, wolves, ravens and the like in their pastries, and when the company have ate them up, they tell them what stuff they have been devouring. The present butler is one of the Tzar's buffoons to whom he has given the name of Waschi with this privilege that if any body else calls him by that name, he has leave to drub them with his wooden sword. If, therefore, any body call out Waschi upon the Tzar's setting them on, as the fellow does not know exactly who it was, he falls a beating them all round, without excepting even the ladies, whom he strips of their head clothes as he does the old Russians of their wigs which he tramples upon; on which occasion it is pleasant enough to see the variety of their bald pates. Besides this employment at the entertainments, the said Waschi is also surveyor of the ice, and executioner for torturing people; on which occasion he gives them the knout himself, and his dexterity in this business has already procured him thirty thousand thalers, the sixth part of the confiscated estates of the sufferers being his perquisite.

THINGS I LIKE MODELY.—A ride in a stage, jammed up between five old maids and five old bachelors—the former taking snuff and the latter smoking or chewing —the air is so aromatic.

To wear a new hat in the rain—when one has lost an umbrella.

To hear a saw filing, when one has the tooth-ache.

To see a young lady turn round half a dozen times, when she has passed by—merely to see if one is disposed to notice her.

To hear a man who knows not a flat from a sharp, rubbing horse-hair over cat-gut.

To wake up at night with the cholic, and hear a lot of dogs lugubriously howling.

To see a poor henpecked husband at the sunny side of a barn nibbling at a cracker or an apple, because afraid his wife would see him doing it in the house.

To see a fine sportsman knock down a humming bird with the butt end of his gun.

To see a man with a quizzing-glass take the dimensions of a lady's ancle *et cetera*, when he knows fashion has rendered short gowns *necessary*.

To hear a female voice speak in the meeting house by mistake, after the voices of the rest of the choristers have ceased.

To hear a man sing the beauty or ugliness, and by a *slapsus slinkum*, ask of the beautiful pimples when he means dimples, or a lady's face.

To see an old bachelor in company, trying to conceal a hole in his stocking.

To laugh when a dog gets his head in a junk bottle, and can't get it out again.

To see ten unmarried daughters, from sixteen to forty sitting in the kitchen on a rainy day, five darning up old stockings, four knitting new ones, and the tenth watching from the window the motions of a dripping rooster under a cart.

To see a good old lady hunt all over the house for her glasses, and finally find them on her own nose.

To tumble all night in bed, by reason of the tooth-ache—and when one goes to get it extracted in the morning, to have the physician pull out the wrong tooth.

To see a fat gentleman in tight clothes laugh till his pantaloons crack.

To see a beau squeeze his feet into a couple of candle-moulds, and then complain of corns.

To hear that my old rival has got fastened to a shrew.

To see one man knock another down for calling him two thirds a fool, when all the world knows he is a whole one. N. H. Eagle

A Noble Sentiment.—The more I am acquainted with agricultural affairs, the better I am pleased with them; inasmuch that I can nowhere find so great satisfaction as in those innocent and useful pursuits.—In indulging these feelings I am led to reflect how much more delightful to an undebauched mind is the task of making improvements on the earth, than all the vain glory which can be acquired from ravaging it by the most uninterrupted career of conquests.—*Washington.*

RURAL ECONOMIST.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

To Make Yankee Bread.—Take two measures of Indian and one of rye meal, mix with milk or water, to the consistency of stiff hasty pudding, and add yeast—bake in iron pans or iron kettles four or five hours. Eat with fresh butter or other food, and if while warm, the better. Yankee bread is very good or very bad, according to the manner in which it is made. We commend it to dyspeptics. The Indian meal should be either bolted or sifted.

Spruce Beer.—Take three gallons of water, of blood warmth, three half pints of molasses, a table spoonful of essence of spruce, and the like quantity of ginger—mix well together with a gill of yeast; let stand over night, and bottle in the morning. It will be in good condition to drink in twenty-four hours. It is a palatable, wholesome beverage.

Rhubarb Pies.—Gather a bundle of the leaf-stock, *quantum sufficit*—cut off the leaf and peel the stock of the thin epidermis—cut in quarter inch pieces, and lay them into the crust—cover well with sugar, and add nutmeg, orange-peel and spice to taste. The flavor is equal, and many deem it preferable to gooseberries. The pie-plant is perennial, herbaceous and very hardy. A dozen plants will afford a family a constant supply.

I was at old Port Hunter, on the Susquehannah above Harrisburgh, in 1828. The highly respectable owner of this beautiful situation, Col. M'Allister, a gentleman of science and refined observation, treated my fellow-travellers and myself with great courtesy, and showed us some household conveniences worthy of imitation, and among others his Milk-house, Smoke-house and Clothes-line. I thought much of these, and have in part profitted by my observation. That the readers of the Cultivator may profit also by these improvements, I will briefly detail them in part.

The Milk-House—Was built on the north-east side of a slope, near the well and not far from the mansion. It was composed of stout stone walls, and the roof, which rose six or eight feet above the surface of the ground, appeared to be covered with earth or tile, and was deeply shrouded with the scarlet trumpet creeper, (*Bignonea radicans,*) then in splendid bloom. The interior of the house, principally under ground was fitted up with cisterns, in which water stood nearly to the tops of the cans of milk, which were arranged in them. The house was entered by a flight of steps on the south, and there was a window on the north, which could be opened or darkened at pleasure, to give ventilation. For want of a natural spring, which many Pennsylvania coonader almost indispensable in a milk-house, the water was conducted in a pipe from the well pump, and after filling the cisterns to a certain height, passed off at the opposite side. The object was to obtain a cool temperature, in the heat of summer, which greatly facilitates the separation of the cream from the milk, and this object was amply effected, with the labor of working occasionally at the well pump.

The Smoke-House.—Was a wooden octagan building, perhaps fifteen in diameter, perfectly tight, except the door-way. The peculiarities of this building were, it was set a foot or more above the ground, and was perfectly dry, and bacon, hams, &c. were kept hanging around its walls all summer, without becoming damp or mouldy, or being injured by fleas; and, in the second place, no fire was admitted into the building, the smoke being conveyed into it through a tube from the outside, where it was generated in a stove.

The Clothes Line.—We saw, had been six years in use, without sensible injury, though it had remained all this time in the open air. It had always been wound up, upon a small windlass, as soon as the clothes had been taken from it, where it was protected from the rain by a roof. Several posts, with notches near their tops, were placed in a range upon the grass plat, upon which the line could be drawn and fastened in two minutes, and from which it could be loosened and wound up in as short a time. It is but a small affair, but such small affairs make a large aggregate in ordinary life. "Take care of the cents, and the dollars will take care of themselves."

Cisterns.—A correspondent at Bridgeton, N. J. (E. B. Holmes,) asks, "What kind of mortar should be used in constructing cisterns that will not leak?" We have had two built with brick and common lime mortar, the bricks fresh burnt, and then well plastered on the inside with mortar made with water lime. They have remained tight hitherto. The most approved mode is to take for three parts of lime, one part of terras, ochre, ground iron ore, or smithy slack, (the dust of a blacksmith's shop,) and blend them well with the sand in mortar.—*Cultivator.*

Gypsum and Ashes.—A writer in the Farmer's Register says that he has been in the habit of sowing ashes and plaster, mixed in equal parts, using the same quantity as he had formerly done of plaster alone, and that he has derived equal benefit from this mixture as from plaster alone, and he considers it a saving of fifty per cent. He prefers to have the ashes damp, as it enables him to sow with more regularity and in moderately windy weather.

Another writer in the Register recommends the application of twenty bushels of plaster to the acre on "this land." He has used it on corn to that extent, with very decided advantage in that and the succeeding crop.

A writer in the American Farmer states that he doubles his corn crop by putting into each hill after the corn is dropped, a clam shell full of two parts of leached ashes and one of plaster.

Hops.—The cost of producing and marketing a crop of hops, has been computed, by those well acquainted with the business, not to exceed eight cents per pound; and the common yield at full fifteen hundreds pounds to the acre. The price in the market this year, is from eighteen to twenty cents per pound, yielding a nett profit to the farmer of full twelve cents on every pound of hops, after paying outlays of every description. This computation gives one *hundred and eighty dollars* clear income for every acre of land in growing hops.—*Sag-Harbor Telegraph.*

Superior Straw Cutter.

"Economy is Wealth."

THE subscriber has has obtained, from the United States, letters patent for a Straw Cutter and Governor, bearing date October 3, 1835, and two separate patents of subsequent dates, for improvement thereon. The machine possesses intrinsic advantages over those of other Straw Cutters, some of which I will briefly state.

1st. The new arrangement of the knife and the parts with which it is connected, is but a considerable drawing motion, which is otherwise unattainable without counterbalancing disadvantages. This must evidently appear of considerable importance, it being a well known fact that all edged implements cut with much greater facility by having an obliquedrawing motion than a direct one.

The straw is fed to the knife by a new contrivance, which possesses important advantages over the usual mode of feeding, inasmuch as it receives the straw more readily; does not admit a single straw to escape uncut; works much easier; and has not the least liability to choke.

The governor has many advantages which the machine possesses over others; but its capability of being regulated to cut the straw of any length, by simply turning a screw, the knife being very easily set, (with screws,) the machine occupying but little space, and being very portable, are advantages not to be overlooked.

The machine is perfectly calculated to cut all substances usually cut in straw cutters. It is so easily operated that a boy of ten years of age can work it with facility.

Machines are for sale at the subscriber's manufactory, in Lodge 26, opposite the Pennsylvania bank, where one may be seen in operation, and are also on sale at the principal agricultural warehouses in the city. Price of a mach ne $20.

The Patent Right for New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and Michigan and part of Pennsylvania is sold. The right to the above offered for sale by states, counties, or towns, on reasonable terms.

All letters addressed to the subscriber, post paid, will meet with prompt attention. STEPHEN USTICK.

july 18—lmo

The Consumption

Is Curable, with care and proper Remedies.

DR. RAFINESQUE, practices exclusively as a *Botanist*, and has discovered the remedies for Consumption. He has accustomed 63 kinds of Consumption, all requiring peculiar treatment, and has published a printed Guide, price $1. His remedies are mostly the Prairie weed, which is taken internally as a syrup, and inhaled as a Balsamic vapour, sweet and palatable. Prices of his Remedies $3 for 100 doses. Very bad constitutions, $5, written $5. All candid advice and remedies for ordinary cases, $1. Cures by mail or those in proper time. Letters and Remittances duly attended to.

Direct to DR. RAFINESQUE.

Office No. 136 North 10th street, Philadelphia.

july 11—tf

To Physicians and Druggists.

GEO. P. SCHIVELY & Co. N. E. corner of 4th and Zane and Eighth streets, continue to manufacture and have constantly on hand, an extensive assortment of

SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Such as Amputating, Trepanning, Lithotomy, Pocket Cases, Dissecting, Teeth Instruments, &c. &c., which are warranted to be of the best quality and well workmanship.

Orders from any part of the Union, promptly attended to.

N. B.—A liberal discount to wholesale dealers.

may 9—6m

Private Sale.

THE Subscriber offers at Private Sale a *Small Farm*, situate in Horsham Township, Montgomery county, Pa., adjoining the lands of Jonathan Bright, formerly owned by Jacob Boyer, near the Bethlehem turnpike road, 19 miles from Philadelphia, and 14 from the Young Roose Tavern, containing 96 acres and 82 perches of land. The situation is high and healthy, commanding a fine prospect of the surrounding country, convenient to schools, mills and places of public worship. The land is in a good state of cultivation, having been recently limed—the whole is under a good fence and conveniently divided into fields. The improvements consist of a *log house*, two rooms on the first floor and two on the second, a frame barn nearly new, a well of excellent water near the door, also a variety of fruit trees, such as Apple, Pear, and Cherry. The possession may be made easy, and an admirable title given. For further information apply to the Subscriber residing thereon.

july 18—3m* CHARLES EVANS.

Mrs. E. Kidder's Dysentery Cordial.

FOR the cure of CHOLERA MORBUS, DYSENTERY and DIARRHŒA. An invaluable remedy for the above disorders, also for children cutting their teeth. It has acquired an established reputation in the city of Boston, as well as seen from highly respectable certificates of individuals who have been relieved by it, which accompany each bottle. It is pleasant to the taste, and does not contain any article of mineral substance or any poisonous vegetable whatever, and may be taken by either sex, at any age with perfect safety. Prepared by Mrs. E. KIDDER, No. 9 Poplar St. Boston, and for sale only in the city at

FREDERICK BROWN'S

Drug and Chemical Store, N. E. corner of Chesnut & 5th Sts

ju 7 18—3t

Daring Robbery.

SOME villain scented himself to the house of the subscriber in Ann, on the evening of the 16th of June, and during the night broke open a trunk, and robbed therefrom upwards of seventy dollars in silver, a brown lead purse, and sundry other articles, not marked, in a bed chamber where I and my mother were sleeping. Twenty dollars reward are offered for the recovery of the property. MARY ANN CALDWELL.

july 11—3t No. 7 Strawberry street.

Northern Liberties Riding School.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has again opened, both at No. 220 N. Front street, his Riding School, for the reception of ladies and gentlemen, the same is pleasant and entirely private, the horses are gay, well broken and perfectly gentle, possessing all the variety of gaits suited to the common and ease of the rider, thereby relieving of attaining a knowledge of so pleasant and beautiful an accomplishment, may enter upon a course of instruction in this School without the least danger, and in a short time acquire a knowledge of horsemanship upon the most correct principles, that for the reception of ladies and gentlemen's subscriptions as often offered to persons unacquainted with the treatment of these noble animals. To those wishing to ride for the benefit of their health, portions for exercise will be fitted. Also, to hire on reasonable terms, Horses and Gigs, Barouches, Phaetons, Carriages and ladies and gentlemen's saddlery at the shortest notice. Terms, apply to

THOMAS CHARLE, No. 220 N. Front St.

may 7 '35—1y

Wm. D. Nolen, Surgeon Dentist,

And Manufacturer of Porcelain Teeth,

No. 134 NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADA.

may 7 '35—1y

A Card.

W. S. HALLIFIELD, Surgeon Dentist, No. 181 Pine st. above Fifth, Philadelphia, respectfully informs the public, that he has got the incomparable Porcelain Teeth of a superior quality, on fine Gold Plates, on moderate terms. Also, Teeth and Fangs extracted, Teeth plugged, filed and cleansed. All operations warranted.

REFERENCE.—Dr. George McClellan, Dr. John Kearsley and many testimonials from other gentlemen of the first respectability, may also be perused. may 28—3m

SHERIFFALTY.

To the Voters of the City and County of Philadelphia.

FELLOW CITIZENS.—Having been recommended by a Town Meeting of my fellow citizens, I offer myself as a candidate for the office of SHERIFF of the City and County of Philadelphia, and respectfully solicit your support for the same at the ensuing Election—pledging myself, that if elected, I will endeavour to discharge the duties of the office with promptness and fidelity. Yours, respectfully,

JOSEPH ENNYDE.

june 13—4m* No. 105 Walnut st. below 4th.

Vegetable Worm Lozenges.

THESE Lozenges can be recommended with confidence to the public, as a preparation well calculated to relieve from those troublesome and dangerous visitors: and being in a palatable form, may be administered to children with greater ease and facility, than medicines of a nauseous nature. Their being purely vegetable, admits them to be given with equal approbation, where mercurial remedies have been used; and no medicine after their employment, is necessary, as the contents of the bowels will be entirely cleansed from worms by their effect, for the prescribed intention. Sold wholesale and retail by the subscriber, No. 21 North Fourth street.

CHRISTOPHER MARSHALL.

They may also be had of the following storekeepers: Penn and Sixth streets, at Fred. Brown's druggist store, corner of 5th and Chesnut sts.; at Wm. Biddle's, corner of 11th and Arch sts.; and of Joseph Brooke, Kensington, opposite the market house.

ODONTALGICA.—A Medicine to relieve the Tooth Ache. These pills, prompt and efficacious in their action, give relief generally, on the introduction of one into the cavity of a decayed Tooth, in a very short time; and no injury results to the surrounding Teeth from the use of them. The advertiser having had ample proof, he conceives, of their efficacy in this complaint, offers them without hesitation as a valuable article to the community. To be had as above, No. 21 North Fourth street. june 6—6m

Wanted.

MRS. PATTEN, is in want of a first rate CORSET MAKER. Apply at her fashionable CORSET STORE, 83 Arch street. june 20—tf

R. S. Gilbert,

ENGRAVER ON WOOD—No. 42 PRUNE ST above Fifth street. feb 9, '36—tf

Yellow Springs Hotel

And Boarding House.

THE proprietor of the above named establishment, respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that she has her establishment fitted up in complete order, and will spare no exertion of attention, and from long experience in business, to give satisfaction to all who may be pleased to favour her with a visit. The Baths are in excellent order. Her terms it unnecessary to say any thing more than to the moderate principles that she intends to act upon, are generally known. MARGARET HOLMAN.

N. B.—A daily communication between the Yellow Springs and Philadelphia, will be performed during the season, by the way of the Columbia Rail Road. Nine miles of the distance, where a splendid coach, with good horses, will be in readiness to convey the passengers to the Springs. The Car will leave the Springs at half-past 12 o'clock. Returning, leave the Springs at half past 2, and arrive in the city at 3 o'clock. Fare through $1 25. For seats, apply at the offices, White Swan, Race st. and at Head's Union, Market street above Sixth.

june 27, '35.

To Farmers.

THE subscribers beg leave to call the attention of Farmers to their assortment of useful agricultural machines and implements—among which are the following: threshing machines, winnowing mills, straw cutters of various kinds, corn shellers, cord mills, churns, clover mills, improved hay forks, grain cradles, scythes, scythe rifles